INQUIRY

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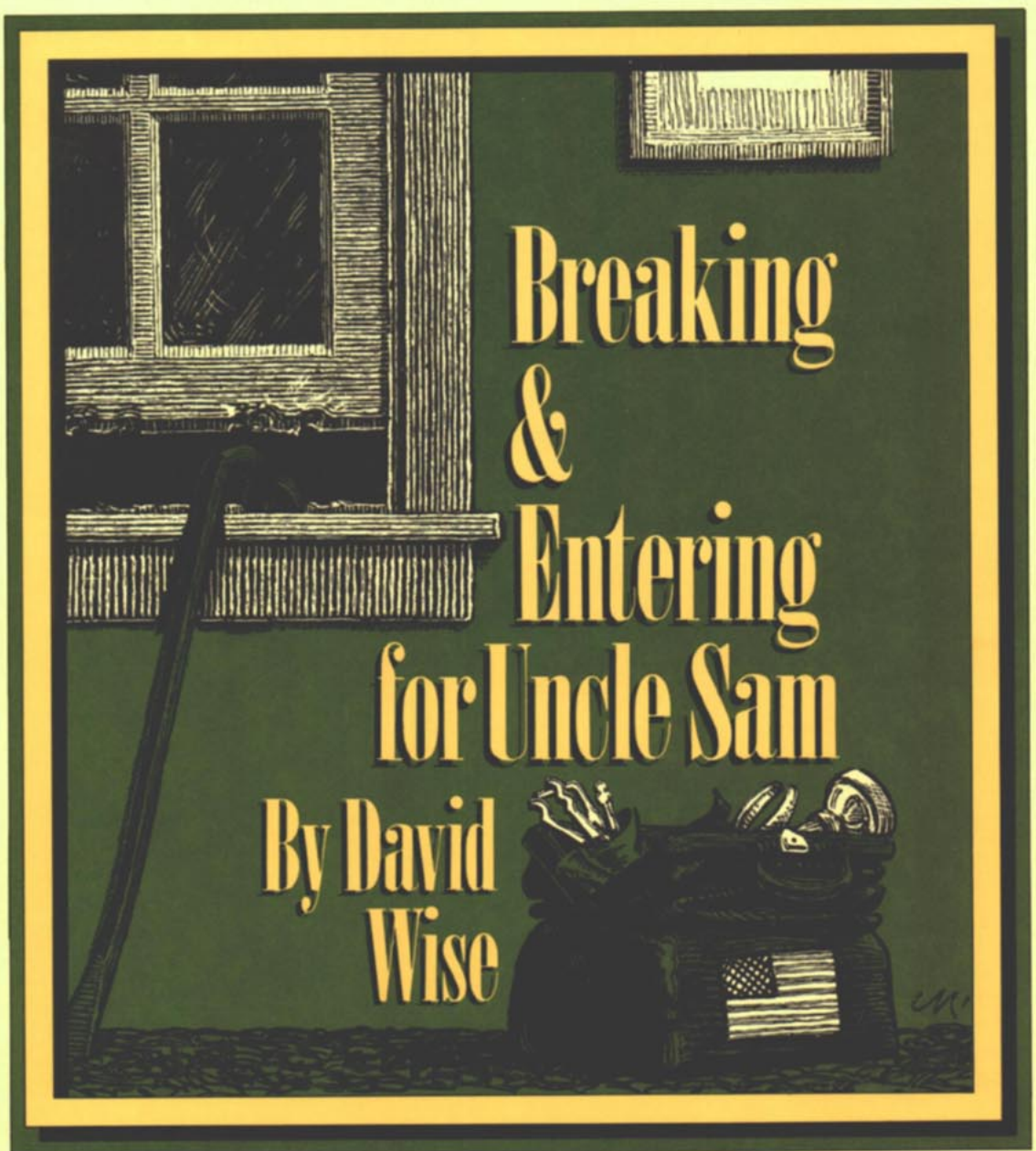
SPECIAL SPY ISSUE

Victor Marchetti *on Colby and Helms*

The Quest for the Manchurian Candidate

The CIA in Angola, Philip Agee's Woes



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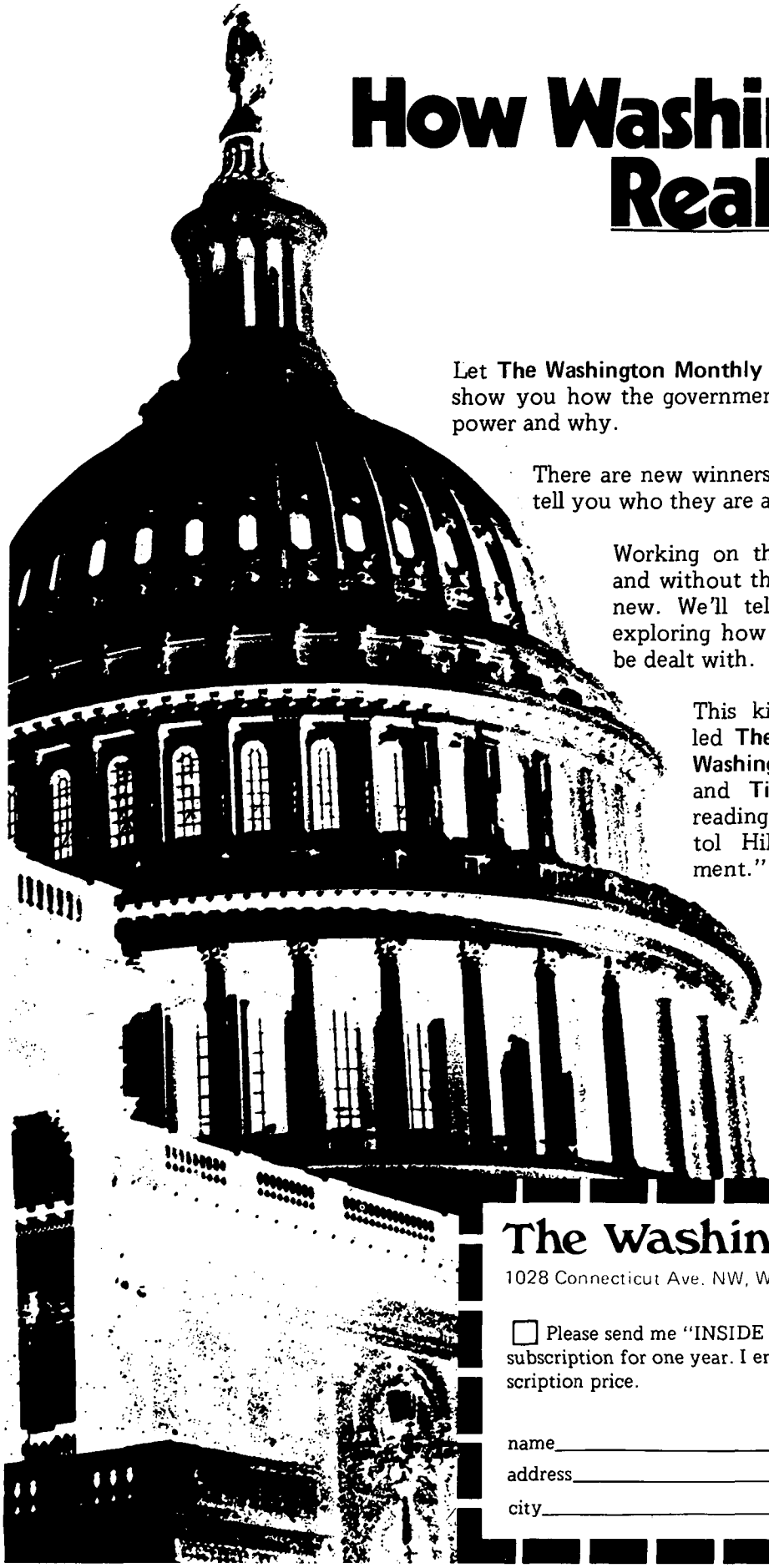

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"DESPITE THE LESSONS of Watergate, and the recent indictment of former FBI chief L. Patrick Gray III, government burglary for national security purposes is still the official policy of the Carter administration." So writes David Wise in this issue's lead story. Elsewhere in this issue, Victor Marchetti suggests we are witnessing the twilight of the spooks. Perhaps. Perhaps.

National security break-ins

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RES PUBLICA

Hear no evil, see no evil

■ The House, disregarding complaints that it was issuing a blank check, Tuesday approved an undisclosed amount of money for unspecified operations of the CIA and eight other intelligence agencies in fiscal 1979. The vote was 323 to 43. Five members voted present—in effect abstaining—as a protest against the decision not to make the money information public. . . .

Rep. James P. Johnson (R.-Colo.), said the legislation and the classified documents, made available to members under strict security measures, "tell us absolutely nothing about what the intelligence community is doing. I think we are reverting to the old days, when the CIA was given a blank check," Johnson said. "I felt the information in the classified index (material) was absolutely useless. Members who vote for the bill are granting a blank check to spend a lot of money by people who in the past have not warranted that kind of trust," Johnson said.

—Los Angeles Times, June 7, 1978

And on the seventh day, Ella rested

■ Expressing concern for employees, [Connecticut] Gov. Ella T. Grasso signed a bill requiring nearly all stores in the state to be closed on Sundays. . . .

In signing the measure, Mrs. Grasso noted that the "simplistic" answer to the controversial bill would be to leave the decision "in the marketplace, with merchants free to sell their products without inhibition, with workers free to continue Sunday or Saturday as a day of rest as they choose, and consumers assured of access to the marketplace at their pleasure."

—New York Times, June 6, 1978

. . . I don't care if I ever get back

■ A staff report by the Minneapolis Park Board has recommended against setting aside beaches for nude bathing because it might outdraw the Minnesota Twins.

—San Francisco Chronicle, June 6, 1978

Plus ça change . . .

■ At a regular State Department news conference the other day, the spokesman, Hodding Carter 3d, was asked to produce evidence to back up the Administration's almost daily assertion—denied just as often by Cuba—that Cuba was involved in the recent invasion of Zaire. He was told that "times have changed" and no longer could such statements be accepted at face value.

Yes, Mr. Carter agreed with irony in his voice, times have changed so much that "when it comes down to whether you believe the denial of a Government which is known to be maintaining another Government in existence from which an invading force came, or believing your own Government, you raise the question of which should be believed."

—New York Times, June 4, 1978

■ The Carter Administration has refused to turn over to the Senate Foreign Relations Committee the documentary evidence to substantiate its charges that Cuba trained and equipped Katangan rebels for their recent invasion of Zaire from Angola, Administration officials said today.

—New York Times, June 7, 1978

Have a drink and forget about it

■ Some 209,000 enlisted personnel in the Army use marijuana and 49,000 use such hard drugs as heroin and LSD, according to an internal Army survey. However, Brig. Gen. John H. Johns told the House Select Committee on Narcotics Abuse and Control today, the Army survey was not able to determine whether the use of drugs had any measurable effect on the Army's combat readiness. . . .

"The Army views its drug abuse problem as serious but not of epidemic proportions," he said. "The abuse does have some degree of adverse impact on combat readiness, but it is difficult, if not impossible, to establish a definitive causal relationship that can be quantified."

—New York Times, May 25, 1978

But they'll think of something

■ South Africa said today that it would no longer use the word Bantu to describe blacks. It did not say what substitute would be used.

—New York Times, May 23, 1978

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Envy and racial antagonism

Vietnam expels its Chinese

COMBINING PERSECUTION WITH pointed suggestions that the Chinese could leave, Vietnam has expelled thousands of ethnic Chinese (more than 100,000 according to Peking authorities) since February. The persecution and expulsion of the Chinese immigrants and their descendants stem in part from recent border disputes between Vietnam and China and between Vietnam and China's ally, Cambodia. But more important, it represents yet another instance in Southeast Asia of racial hostility toward the overseas Chinese and their commercial success.

Three years of conflict between Vietnam and Cambodia over the administrative border drawn by the French led to a Vietnamese invasion of the Parrot's Beak area of Cambodia in December 1977. Since the early 1950s, the Cambodian Communists have been annoyed by North Vietnam's plans for an Indochina federation led by the more economically advanced Vietnam. China has wavered between neutrality and support for Cambodia.

In mid-February 1978, there were clashes along the border between Vietnam and China. This border, set by the French and the Manchu dynasty in the late nineteenth century, follows geographic rather than ethnic lines, and Vietnam has been increasingly distressed by the pro-China orientation of the hill tribes on the Vietnam side.

The current wave of persecution apparently was sparked by internal political briefings given to the Soviet-equipped Vietnamese armed forces in the wake of the February China-Vietnam border incidents. But much of the deep animus behind the anti-Chinese drive is no different from what has motivated persecution of Jews in Europe, Syrians, Lebanese, and Indians in Africa, and the Chinese in Malaysia. The motive is envy and resentment of those who have introduced modern commercial civilization in the region and have been successful in the new occupations that come with commercial life.

The Chinese immigrants arrived in Southeast Asia as penniless laborers. As Lien Kuan, a Peking government specialist on overseas Chinese, put it, it was "on the strength of their industriousness and wisdom that they managed to survive the ordeals [of work] and live from generation to generation." The immigrant Chinese built new lives for themselves and created a new prosperity in the societies to which they had moved. But as Professor Gunnar Myrdal recognizes in his book *Asian Drama*, the extension of state power through such mechanisms as comprehensive economic planning or controls over business aggravates such envy and racial antagonism.

Beginning in October 1977, according to refugee accounts distributed with regularity by the official Chinese news agency, persons of Chinese origin in Vietnam were dismissed from their posts, had their property seized, were compelled to adopt Vietnamese citizenship, and had their food ration reduced or stopped through cancellation of their residence registration. They also were deprived of such cultural institutions as Chinese-language schools and newspapers. In addition, the Chinese in southern Vietnam were upset by the effect on them of the government's new conscription drive, intended to enlarge its armed forces and allow for placing more troops in border areas.

Then, in March and May, two surprise edicts swept away the underpinnings of Chinese life in Vietnam. On March 23, all business and almost all trade in the south were nationalized. The businesses were predominantly run by Chinese. At the same time, controls on ethnic Chinese in the small private sector in Hanoi were also increased. On May 3, the government imposed a new, unified currency on both north and south in order to wipe out unauthorized savings. Businessmen and their families in the south were told that they had to move into the government's New Economic Zones. Similarly, all ethnic Chinese in a new six-mile "sanitary zone" along Vietnam's border with China were told they must move to "new villages."

Far Eastern Economic Review said there were reports that Chinese in the Cholon district of Ho Chi Minh City (formerly Saigon) carried pictures of Mao Tse-tung in demonstrations against the business shutdown. *Newsweek* cited refugee reports of bloody riots and protest suicides in Cholon. A Chinese diplomat charged that Hanoi authorities had turned down numerous requests to allow him to visit Cholon, and China announced that it was sending ships to Vietnam to evacuate Chinese refugees.

Observers fear that the Vietnamese government will be unable to fill the gap in the network of distribution left by the expulsion of the dispossessed Chinese. One Asian diplomat told *Far Eastern Economic Review*: "In every Asian country—be it Burma or Indonesia—where private trade has been taken out of Chinese hands, the immediate effect has been dislocation of the market. I only hope that the Vietnamese succeed better, otherwise Saigon is going to be a real mess."

The uprooting of Vietnam's Chinese has led to tremendous human suffering and misery. Aside from historic fears based on ancient Chinese conquest, Vietnam's current anti-Chinese drive does not differ much from the May 13, 1969, anti-Chinese riots in Malaysia or the persecutions of Chinese and Japanese on the West Coast of the United States. Similar fear and resentment led to the annihilation of the Jews of Central and Eastern Europe. Such primitive envy of minority peoples engaged in commerce should be beneath the standards of a modern country like Vietnam. ❑

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Abolish the CIA

AS AN ARTICLE PUBLISHED LAST month in the *New York Times* ("Congress is Accused of Laxity on CIA's Covert Activity," June 1) demonstrates, the much-heralded congressional oversight of the CIA is proving ineffective. According to the reporter, Seymour M. Hersh:

> Some members of Congress and Washington officials are openly expressing concern about what they say are weaknesses in the Congressional control and monitoring of the Central Intelligence Agency's covert activities overseas. They cite as evidence the willingness of the Senate and House intelligence committees to approve clandestine operations in such sensitive regions as the Middle East and Africa without serious questioning. . . .
>
> One well-placed official expressed dismay during an interview over the fact that the Senate and House intelligence committees, which investigated the CIA scandals in 1975, had now routinely approved the covert operations. "The pendulum is swinging back," he said.

The rather predictable lack of a congressional backbone, however, is just part of the problem, as Hersh points out. Even if Congress were inclined to impose restraints on the executive branch, it would find it difficult to do so because of loopholes in the laws by which the CIA is supposedly subject to control. Under the Hughes-Ryan Amendment of 1974, no covert operation can be carried out unless the President makes "a finding" that the operation is essential to national security. However, as Hersh reminds us:

> In January 1975, less than a month after the amendment was approved by Congress, President Gerald R. Ford issued a series of secret "world-wide findings" that determined in advance that any CIA clandestine operation dealing with narcotics, terrorism or counterintelligence was prima facie important to national security. President Carter endorsed that interpretation shortly after taking office last year, well-placed sources said.
>
> In other words, the sources said, the CIA did not need formal approval to begin overseas operations in those three areas of clandestine activity.

Another loophole in the Hughes-Ryan Amendment, which is described as the "basic monitoring tool for Congress," is a provision that specifically exempts from congressional review all CIA "activities intended solely for obtaining necessary intelligence." All that is necessary for the CIA to slip through this loophole is for CIA officials to claim that their charges are engaged in intelligence gathering—as they did most recently in 1975 when CIA agents and operatives were actively engaged in the Angolan civil war.

Congressional oversight, then, is a bust. This will no doubt come as a surprise and a disappointment to all those who felt that the CIA could be brought under control through more efficient governmental procedures—that it could, in short, be reformed. The same people will no doubt now argue that with a little tightening up of the current laws and the passage of a few new ones, the problems can be solved.

The idea of reforming the CIA is tempting, because, like most modern-day liberal panaceas, it fails to confront hard facts and, therefore, avoids inherent contradictions. It is the have-your-cake-and-eat-it-too principle applied to the world of clandestine operations. No amount of legislative fiddling can alter the irreducible fact that the CIA is simply not subject to "oversight," at least not in any meaningful sense. An operation that is clandestine by nature simply cannot exist in the open, and secretive oversight is a contradiction in terms. Congressional oversight was bound to fail—and, as events already demonstrate, it has.

Before we can address the question of how to bring the CIA under control, we must first see the CIA for exactly what it is. (The use of the phrase, "intelligence agency," succeeds only in confusing the matter, because the information-gathering functions are not at issue; they can be conducted in the open and do not require "oversight.") The CIA, to put it as succinctly as possible, is one of the most secret parts of this country's national security apparatus. And as Robert L. Borosage has written in an excellent article in *Working Papers*, the several organizations that comprise this apparatus "constitute the nether half of an evolving dual state: one part civilian, relatively open, and governed more or less by law; the other part military, secret, and ruled by command."

As Borosage points out, "The incompatibility of this national security apparatus with the Constitution has been demonstrated repeatedly over the past years." The CIA should simply be abolished. ❏

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FIRST AMENDMENT WATCH

NAT HENTOFF

Second-class First Amendment rights

*NOT ALL SPEECH IS PRO*tected—so the majority of the Supreme Court has perennially held. For example, the dissemination of obscenity and of libel can be punished. Recently, however, an alarming new stricture on speech has been claimed—and it will probably take a Supreme Court decision, some years hence, to determine whether this theory will be allowed to further weaken the First Amendment.

The theory, based on a case now in the California courts (*Olivia Niemi* v. NBC), begins with two rapes. As noted in the last *First Amendment Watch* [*INQUIRY*, June 12, 1978], NBC's San Francisco station, KRON-TV, showed a dramatic program that included the artificial rape of a young girl by four other young women. Three days after that broadcast, Olivia Niemi, then nine, was similarly raped by four young women on a San Francisco beach. She and her lawyer contend that her assailants were imitating what they had just seen on television. Accordingly, Olivia and her mother are suing NBC for $11 million in damages on the grounds that the network was negligent in showing the film—especially at a time (eight o'clock in the evening) when youngsters are most likely to be watching.

Floyd Abrams, the nation's preeminent First Amendment lawyer, is handling the case for NBC. He says this "vicarious liability" theory is "as simplistic as it is novel, as insidious as it is unbounded." Under this theory, not only does the network's liability extend to *anyone* injured by those who commit a crime, allegedly in imitation of what they have seen on television, but damages are to be obtained from the network even though NBC had no intent to cause its viewers to actually imitate an artificial rape.

This particular film, "Born Innocent," though based on reality, was fictive. However, says Abrams, if Olivia wins on the basis of this "insidious, unbounded" theory, "there is little to prevent the courts from basing liability on imitation of reality itself: on imitation of events depicted as media coverage of the news. Are there to be jury trials with respect to imitations alleged to follow the telecasts of . . . a series of assassinations? Is a station which broadcasts an account of a crime or civil unrest to be liable if imitation occurs?" If this kind of negligence suit proliferates, self-censorship will abound in television.

Furthermore, says Abrams, this theory directly contradicts a repeated First Amendment judgment by the Supreme Court, which states that "free expression may not be restricted simply because of a *possible* reaction of even a finite audience, physically confronted by the speaker." That is, free speech cannot be curbed in fear of a "heckler's veto." (The Nazis' right to demonstrate in Skokie is a good example.) So, it is all the more unconstitutional to constrict speech in fear of what a random viewer, one among millions, *might* do as a result of having watched a particular television program.

Abrams's argument is irrelevant, says Marvin Lewis, Olivia's attorney. This case has nothing to do with censorship. The specific cause of action was the rape of Olivia—as a result of which she has "suffered a very serious injury . . . which is probably going to affect her sex life in the future." She would not have suffered that injury if NBC had not "negligently, carelessly and recklessly" programmed "Born Innocent" which in turn programmed the four girls who raped Olivia.

DAN HUBIG

NAT HENTOFF writes a regular monthly column on civil liberties issues for INQUIRY. His recent books include Does Anybody Give a Damn? *and* Jazz Is.

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MARVIN LEWIS GOES ON to focus on the special vulnerability of television—among all media—in this negligence suit. Television's impact, he says, is far greater than that of print, and so its responsibility for what it purveys must also be greater. In this claim, Lewis has an unexpected ally, the Council of Communications Societies—a group of "communication professionals." In commenting on *Olivia Niemi* v. *NBC*, the council makes this astonishing proposal:

> The time may be at hand for our society to take a hard second look at the First Amendment, for "freedom of the press" meant a very different thing when the First Amendment was written than it means today when expanded to include all mass media. Specifically, we would suggest that television is a very different beast from all other media: it has the vividness and realism of pictorialization, motion, and color, but unlike motion pictures, which share these characteristics, it is available in the home where programming can be sprung upon the viewer unawares, often without benefit of prior reviews, descriptions, or discussion of content. It may well be that society will feel that the unrestrained freedom of expression granted the press, and by extension, the other media, is excessive when the medium is television.

The pronouncement, stunningly wrong-headed though it is, will surely gladden the litigious soul of Marvin Lewis. Indeed, in earlier court papers, Olivia's lawyer has presaged what he is likely to tell the jury:

> Do petitioners seriously contend that because they use the public airwaves belonging to the people that they can come into homes and cause harm to minors because they have no control over [these] homes into which broadcasts enter? How many children watch television in their bedrooms? Must their parents patrol the room of the child after he closes his door?

What we have here, Lewis is saying, is a Cyclops of enormously persuasive power which has the ability to incite rape and all manner of mayhem—whatever the intent of its Dr. Frankenstein. Therefore, it must be caged. And, as a deterrent to all the other Frankensteins at other networks and the individual stations, there must be a whopping judgment to at least partially recompense Olivia for her trauma.

The First Amendment answer to this notion that television is "a very different beast from all other media" has been presented in an American Library Association amicus brief in this case:

> In today's world, the "medium may be the message," but there is no authority recognizing the medium as the measure of First Amendment rights. The right of free speech is protected from infringement whether that right is exercised by newspapers . . . by motion pictures . . . or by television . . . Moreover, the degree of protection afforded the various media of communication must be the same.

BUT DOESN'T TELEVISION have manifestly greater impact? So did the printing press when it was invented. "To vary the degree of freedom of speech inversely with the impact of the medium used," the ALA continues, "would produce the anomalous result that the man 'who talks to himself' would be afforded the broadest protection under the First Amendment." On the contrary, the purpose of the First Amendment is most invigoratingly served if full protection is the right of all who use it—certainly "including the medium with the greatest audience and impact."

This clash of views between the Council of Communications Societies and the American Library Association may well be at the core of how *Olivia Niemi* v. *NBC* is decided—at least on the trial court level. While Floyd Abrams argues the First Amendment issues, his opponent—while also focusing on the injury done to Olivia—is likely to try undercutting Abrams by emphasizing that television *already* has fewer free-speech protections than other media and so cannot be compared constitutionally with, let us say, print. Or, to use Marvin Lewis's own words from an earlier brief:

> Any suggestion that the First Amendment exempts negligent telecasts from liability simply ignores the fact that the First Amendment protections accorded broadcasters are not coextensive with those granted other types of media defendants.

After all, Lewis says in gleeful anticipation, "If Federal courts are amenable to allowing *direct governmental interference* with broadcasting policies, surely the principles announced in such cases should support the kind of indirect 'interference' at issue in this case." That indirect "interference," of course, consists of using an arm of the state—the court system—to bring this negligence action against NBC on the basis of the content of a particular program.

Consider what has already been done by the courts and Congress to broadcasters' First Amendment rights—the equal time rule in political campaigns and the pernicious Fairness Doctrine, to name the two most prominent examples. A broadcaster must now devote a reasonable amount of time to public issues of controversy, and he must give reasonable opportunity for opposing viewpoints to be heard. Who decides what is "reasonable"? The state, that's who.

By contrast, the First Amendment absolutely prohibits such intrusions by the state into the editorial operations of newspapers. Most print journalists have ignored this lower-caste status of their television colleagues (on the "*I'm* all right, Jack" principle). An exception, J. Edward Murray, a past president of the American Society of Newspaper Editors, has pointed out how inhibiting a fairness doctrine applied to print media would be:

> Newspapers investigate and expose policemen who are on the "take" in the dope rackets. If an equivalent weight or time must be given to policemen who are not on the "take," the whole campaign becomes so unwieldy and pointless as to be useless. Must the good cops get equivalent space with the bad cops?

Television, Lewis is saying, is a Cyclops of enormous power which can incite rape and mayhem—whatever the intent of its Dr. Frankenstein.

And Bill Monroe of *NBC* says, with much feeling,

> The FCC, while speaking for boldness, turns around and punishes those who practice it. It is thoroughly understood in the industry that the most likely outcome of bold journalism is trouble with the FCC: a penalty, amounting to harassment, in the form of an official request for justification—in 10 or 20 days after a program has been aired—that the program is in compliance with the Fairness Doctrine. Any newsman who has seen the effort a broadcast executive and his staff must make to prepare an answer to such an official request can only assume that his boss, as a human being, would have a desire to minimize such official challenges in the future.

How does it happen that broadcasting, the defendant in the *Niemi* case, comes into the dock already stripped of some basic First Amendment rights? The time-honored answer is that there are only a limited number of broadcast

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channels—while anyone presumably can start a newspaper—and so these scarce channels must be regulated in order to prevent a licensee from monopolizing all viewpoints presented on that section of air. However, there is hardly a city in the country that does not have more competing television channels than newspapers. With regard to "scarcity," the glum fact is that in 97 percent of American cities, there is *no* competition among newspaper owners. Yet, television and radio, except for CBS, have not fought to claim their full

Television, with its free-speech rights already attenuated by law and FCC actions, could be reduced to total inanity if Niemi wins her suit.

First Amendment rights. Perhaps broadcasting has become habituated to its second-class citizenship—even unto relative passivity when, during the Nixon years, the FCC ordered stations to censor rock lyrics that might be interpreted as "glorifying" drug-taking and other unseemly mores of the young.

The most determined paladin of broadcasting's First Amendment rights has come not from the industry but from the high court. A vigorous dissenter to all decisions chilling broadcast speech, William O. Douglas insisted that "TV and radio stand in the same protected position under the First Amendment as do newspapers and magazines." TV and radio are also "the press." And that is why, said Douglas, "The Fairness Doctrine has no place in our First Amendment regime. It puts the head of the camel inside the tent and enables administration after administration to toy with TV or radio in order to serve its sordid or benevolent ends."

In one of his last speeches before leaving the bench, Douglas noted sadly that the Court had repeatedly held "by overwhelming majorities" that the First Amendment rights of broadcasting could be reduced. And so, said Douglas, "we approach the 1980s with a large chunk of the 'press' under government control."

*AN INDEX OF HOW DIFFI*cult it will be to liberate that large chunk of the press is the fate of Senator William Proxmire's First Amendment Clarification Act (S. 22). In the spirit of William O. Douglas, the bill calls for the abolition of the Fairness Doctrine and the equal time rule. By June 1978, when the Senate Communications Subcommittee held a hearing on the measure, Proxmire had been able to recruit only two cosponsors. And one of them, Lee Metcalf, has died—leaving only Spark Matsunaga of Hawaii.

Proxmire is a long-distance runner, and he intends to keep introducing the First Amendment Clarification Act until there is a constituency for it—but that may take decades. Television, in the meantime, with its free-speech rights already attenuated by law and FCC actions, could be reduced to total inanity if Olivia Niemi wins her "vicarious liability" suit in San Francisco. Even should NBC ultimately prevail before the Supreme Court—for television has not yet lost *all* its First Amendment protections—it would take years to exhaust all appellate procedures. As Floyd Abrams says, this "could not help but chill" other media as well as television.

So long as there's a shot at winning, and so long as negligence lawyers operate on contingency fees, a lower court triumph by Olivia could well trigger hordes of suits against newspapers, book publishers, movie companies, and libraries. And if, as wildly improbable as it seems, the Supreme Court should uphold a judgment for Olivia, this *First Amendment Watch* will be mainly limited to a monthly body count.

We can only hope that this tale of dread may eventually awaken more of the citizenry to the indivisibility of First Amendment freedoms. As a result of our having allowed television's First Amendment protections to become weaker than those of the print media and movies, the defendant in *Niemi* is more vulnerable than, say, the *Los Angeles Times* would be. But a decision against the defendant in this case would break new antilibertarian ground. And if the defendant, television, ultimately loses in the high court, its special vulnerabilities will soon infect all other media. Once it has been demonstrated that an action for this kind of random "negligence" can strip one medium of its freedom of speech, claimants will rise to smite all the others. ❏

POLITICS

VICTOR MARCHETTI

Twilight of the spooks

A DIRTY CLANDESTINE WAR is now being waged in the political back alleys of the nation's capital. It is a vicious free-for-all involving several former top-level CIA professionals and their allies, some still in the agency. Established reputations and promising careers are at stake. The success, or lack thereof, as well as the wisdom of the operational philosophies favored by the various contending cliques are being questioned. Even the patriotism and sanity of the major adversaries are being exposed to doubt. All the combatants are determined to justify their covert careers and operational methods. And they intend to avenge the attacks of their rivals.

In such a war, there can be no victors—only bloodied survivors. It is, in a sense, the CIA's *Götterdämmerung*. It is the twilight of the spooks.

Usually, the agency's intratribal battles are silently resolved within the hallowed halls of headquarters at Langley, Virginia. Only rarely does word of the clandestine throat-cutting extend beyond the Potomac River, much less to the American public. But in this instance, because of the scope and significance of the warfare, rumors have begun to surface in the national news media. The leading antagonists are therefore compelled to go public to save themselves. An ironic twist, considering how these men of excessive secrecy deplore whistleblowers and leakers.

Former CIA Director Bill Colby has published a book entitled—are you ready for this?—*Honorable Men: My Life*

VICTOR MARCHETTI is a former CIA officer and an advocate of reform in the intelligence business. His book, The CIA and the Cult of Intelligence, *written with John Marks, is the only book ever to have been censored by the U.S. government prior to publication.*

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in the CIA, and he appears almost daily on TV, attempting to explain his past clandestine actions to both God and man. His predecessor, Dick Helms, recently sat for a TV interview with David Frost, which he used to set forth his version of certain events and to establish his distance from the other protagonists in the current CIA battles. And Jim Angleton, the CIA's longtime master spy catcher, continues to skulk about, agonizing over the state of the CIA's internal security and constantly feeding conspiratorial theories of KGB penetrations to the press. The others, for the time being, seem torn between hunkering down and taking potshots at the major adversaries.

This fierce clandestine war has been building for a long time. For decades, there has been disagreement within the agency on how best to deal with its prime intelligence target, the Soviet Union. Essentially, there were two schools of thought: one, actively recruit spies and fully exploit all walk-ins (i.e., defectors), thereby accepting the inherent risks of public exposure and deceptions (i.e., false defectors); and two, play a cautious defensive game of suspecting and refusing defectors, and recruiting only a few spies, or none at all, thus minimizing the chances of a KGB penetration (i.e., double agent) working his way into the CIA's covert apparatus.

Angleton was a staunch advocate of the latter philosophy. Colby preferred the former. As for Helms, nobody ever knew what his thinking was. He seemed to be on both sides of the issue—in keeping with his usual style. When he was fired and shipped off to Iran by President Nixon and Henry Kissinger, the balancing factor in the dispute was removed. Soon, Colby became the director, and he immediately took the steps necessary to oust Angleton by leaking the latter's mail intercept program to Sy Hersh of the *New York Times.* (Colby himself researched the program's legal status in the CIA's law library. When the director of the CIA personally studies the law in an effort to fire an old hand, the height of his animosity is clear.) Colby won the initial skirmish.

*MEANWHILE, THE OFFI-*cial investigations of the CIA had begun. Colby talked, and he talked a lot, revealing all sorts of wrongdoings on the part of the agency, but what he disclosed was actually quite selective and calculating. He apparently was intent upon disgracing certain colleagues, such as Angleton, and, by implication, focusing the blame for their misdeeds on former Director Helms. At the same time, he was deflecting attention away from his own dubious covert activities over the years and attempting to project a public image of himself as Mr. Clean Jeans.

Colby had now won the second battle in the CIA's internecine war, but it was a costly victory. Even before the investigations had ended, President Ford—no doubt at the urging of the likes of Nelson Rockefeller, Kissinger, and the agency's traditionalists—had already decided to remove Colby as director. But Colby is a tenacious man. Shortly after being retired, he went on the lecture circuit to promote his cause and announced his intention to write a

BRUCE MCGILVRAY

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book about the CIA. That was more than some of his opponents had bargained for.

Thus, Angleton and his allies beat Colby into print by openly supplying dramatic and explosive new information regarding the KGB's connection with Lee Harvey Oswald to Edward Jay Epstein for his recently published book, *Legend*. These sources also argued that the CIA's clandestine services (and the FBI) had been penetrated by false defectors, and they hinted that certain senior officers, Colby, for example, had been duped or—perhaps worse yet—corrupted by the Soviet opposition. Even Helms was not placed above suspicion.

Epstein's book may not be a best seller, but it has caused a firestorm in U. S. intelligence circles. For former high-level officers to suggest publicly that the CIA and FBI might be penetrated *at the top* by the KGB destroys the final myth behind which both organizations have always operated, the fairy tale that they, unlike other intelligence agencies, are immune from the nefarious machinations of Moscow's spies. To shatter that myth undercuts their claim of being above the law because it proves they are no purer than the rest of the bureaucracy, only more secretive. And it makes clear why the agency considers excessive secrecy—i.e., keeping the American people uninformed and misinformed—not just an expediency but, rather, an absolute necessity.

Colby largely ignores the KGB penetration issue in his book, although he does imply that Angleton is a sort of brilliant madman whose conspiratorial bent was an unbearable handicap in the CIA's clandestine operations against the Soviets. In addition, he insinuates that Angleton was somehow responsible for the unsatisfactory status of the agency's liaison with Israeli intelligence. What could be of greater significance, however, is the subtle manner in which Colby damns Helms with faint praise. In so doing, Colby again indicates that the differences between him and Helms run deeper than clandestine operational methods and philosophies.

*LIKE ALL COVERT INTELLI*gence struggles, the truly important action is taking place behind the scenes. Well-informed sources say that attempts are being made by the major adversaries to launch official investigations in an effort to smear each other as security risks, if not as actual double agents. Secret files, old and dusty, are being tracked down to expose further misdeeds and blunders on the part of the combatants. Whispering campaigns have been started in Congress, in the White House, and among the news media. Each day the war of the clandestine gods gets dirtier—and bloodier. And always the official response of the CIA is one of feigned ignorance and "no comment." But unofficially, the officers have much to say. The message is to save the agency at all costs, regardless of who or what will have to be sacrificed in doing so.

Well-informed sources say that attempts are being made by the major CIA adversaries to smear each other as security risks.

Faced with this combination of events, Helms, the master bureaucratic and artful dodger, has been forced to come to his own defense. Continuing to play the role of the dedicated professional who does not approve of washing the CIA's dirty linen in public, even if it means committing perjury before Congress, he has taken the position of defending the agency against critics and doubters who have no part in the present clandestine war, while at the same time demanding more secrecy for the CIA—a clever move intended to raise him above the bloody, vindictive mess surrounding him. But then Helms has always managed to find unique solutions to sticky problems. (He wears his conviction for perjury as a badge of honor, he says. Furthermore, he challenges the right of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee to question a director of the CIA on matters of intelligence.)

Unfortunately, Helms's position is so strong that most senators either wilt in his presence or join him in his outrageous claims. J. Edgar Hoover may be dead, but there are others in Washington who have taken his place as untouchables. Helms is one. And now that he is rebuilding his alliance with the master counterspy, Angleton, and has started to go public, there isn't a politician in town who would dare to challenge him.

The Sunday after Helms was fired by Nixon, Tom Braden (a syndicated columnist, former CIA officer, and Rockefeller protégé) threw a party for the deposed director. It was attended by such luminaries as Averell Harriman, Robert McNamara, and Henry Kissinger. There were numerous teary toasts and a strong show of establishment loyalty. When Colby was fired by Ford a few years later, he had to settle for a turkey dinner with James Schlesinger, the secretary of Defense, who had also just been fired.

It is in the light of all the above developments, then, that one must view Colby's book.

He says that he wanted to "write an account of my adventures in intelligence instead of a series of academic essays." But the book fits neither category. It lacks the thoughtfulness, depth, and honesty to qualify as a treatise. And it definitely is not an adventure story. Colby could not bring himself to tell any good anecdotes, much less spin any fascinating inside-the-company yarns. But then how could Colby be anything other than what he is: a former spook trying to rationalize his past? To write a good book, he would have had to tell the truth, or at least discuss certain matters of public interest, such as the Korean CIA matter, the CIA's attempt to manipulate the Australian elections a few years ago, the Zaire-Angolan affair, the Ethiopian-Somalian imbroglio, the Thai agent who was smuggling heroin into Chicago but was mysteriously released after a CIA lawyer, John Greaney, leaned on the U. S. prosecutor.

SUCH A FRANK DISCUSSION is beyond Colby's capacity as a career clandestine officer. He lamely protests that the CIA, which reviewed his manuscript prior to publication, required too many "excisions." The agency, however, says it made only two deletions. If, as seems likely, Colby is being disingenuous, it would fit the pattern and purpose of his book and career.

This is not to say that Colby is a liar, at least not a blatant prevaricator like

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some of his "honorable" colleagues. He's a lot worse. He's a cunning dissembler, a man who avoids the truth simply by refusing to deal with it. He is also shamelessly calculating in his effort to win the reader's sympathy, all too often telling us that he is a loyal husband, devoted father, and devout Catholic. And he claims to be a liberal who once even joined the ACLU. (For those who might not approve of such liberalism, he notes that he used to work for a staunchly conservative law firm on Wall Street and comes from solid military stock.) But what he conveniently neglects to mention is that he rose to the top of his profession by mastering and employing all the dirty tricks of the clandestine trade—and that he still rates secrecy above honesty.

Like Helms and Angleton, Colby is a prisoner of his covert mentality, a mind-set he acquired from more than 25 years spent in the spy business. Even the people who helped him write his book could not be certain when he was telling the truth or when he was deliberately avoiding it.

Like his adversaries in the twilight war of the spooks, Colby is a man of the past, an orphan of World War II and the Cold War. The world and his own country have passed him by, leaving him in the dust of history. It is perhaps unfortunate that he did not die on some secret mission early in his career. Then he could have been a hero. He would have been happy in that role. And we would have been spared his inept and incorrect apologia for the Vietnamese affair, his specious and legalistic defense of the CIA's attempted assassinations of foreign leaders, and his hollow claims that he always thought the true purpose of intelligence was collecting and analyzing information—not conducting covert wars, or instigating *coup d'états,* or secretly propping up corrupt, but friendly, dictators.

Despite itself, Colby's self-serving book, with its self-serving title, reminds us that there are no *Honorable Men* in this business. There is no honor among spooks and certainly not among the three former top CIA officials, Helms, Angleton, and Colby, who are at the moment attempting to tear each other limb from limb. The irony of the situation, of course, is that the more they succeed in exposing each other—and themselves—for what they are, the more likely they are to succeed where their critics have failed for so many years—in bringing about meaningful controls on the CIA.

DISPATCH

STEVE WEISSMAN

Philip Agee on the run

IN MAY, PHILIP AGEE, THE CIA's most troublesome quitter and critic, was banned from entering Norway. This was the fifth time in less than a year that the 42-year-old Agee has been banned or deported; the governments of Britain, France, West Germany, the Netherlands, and now Norway have closed their borders to him. This much is clear—the question remains, why? Has the former CIA man gone to work for new masters in Moscow and Havana, as the five European governments have hinted but not said straight out? Or is Agee the victim of an international frame-up, hatched by the CIA and put into effect by the agency's European allies?

A spy-handler in the CIA's clandestine services, Agee quit the agency in mid-career in 1969, made several trips to Cuba, and finally settled in England to write his highly explicit *CIA Diary,* which named the names of hundreds of operatives and local hirelings with whom he had worked in Latin America. The book became an international best seller, forcing the CIA to spend a small fortune finding new faces throughout the hemisphere. Soon Agee was leading a widely publicized campaign—some would say crusade—to unmask CIA people and operations wherever he could find them.

According to CIA veterans, agency officials were furious—all the more since Agee caught them at the very moment congressional investigators were forcing them to be on their best behavior. But the reaction against Agee came from an unexpected quarter: the British government, which announced in mid-November 1976 that it intended to start deportation proceedings against the former spook as a threat to British security. Agee managed to drag out the proceedings until the following June, when the British finally kicked him out; in August the French, in December the Germans, in March the Dutch, and in May the Norwegians followed suit. Rarely have NATO allies shown such accord.

This affair is spiced, of course, by the Old World tradition of keeping matters of state strictly secret, and at no point in any of the expulsions did any of the five governments tell Agee—or the public—what he was supposed to have done or why they were throwing him out.

The British charged only that Agee had "maintained regular contacts with foreign intelligence officers" and helped to obtain and disseminate "information harmful to the security of the United Kingdom." But they never said who the foreign intelligence officers were, why he had met them, or what harmful information he had put out. As Home Secretary Merlyn Rees explained to the House of Commons, the government couldn't reveal the case against Agee, even to Agee himself, without revealing state secrets and jeopardizing the sources and methods of British intelligence.

The French were similarly forthcoming, jailing Agee for a night in the frontier town of Boulogne-sur-Mer, then throwing him out for "his past activities and the consequences that some of his current activities could have on relations that France maintains with certain friendly countries."

The Germans, who nabbed him during a Christmas visit to Hamburg, said nothing at all. The Dutch, who had originally given Agee a residence permit after he was deported from Britain, changed their minds and decided that his speaking and writing "could be detrimental to the good relations of the Netherlands with other powers." And the Norwegians, who refused Agee permission for a two-day visit to Oslo to attend a protest meeting against an official secrets act trial, simply refused comment.

No specific charges were filed in any of the five countries. No details were given. No evidence was presented.

The whole business was enough to make any red-blooded American spit. Yet most unnerving was Agee's response. Almost instinctively, he urged his friends not to make too big a fuss, at

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least at first, in the hope that a few supporters in the British Parliament might have a quiet talk with the minister and get him to change his mind. Agee is the product of 12 years as a "Company man," and for all his revolutionary fist-clenching, for all his naive, newly acquired, undigested, even Stalinist talk of "the Socialist countries," he is still a defector who didn't defect, a Daniel Ellsberg, not a Kim Philby, and very much the earnest young executive, well-schooled, well-bred, and simply too proper to relish a knock-down, drag-out fight.

In Britain, of course, there were the usual stacks of supporting resolutions from trade unions and political groups, the lists of big-name supporters, from Jean-Paul Sartre to the deputy governor of one of Britain's biggest prisons. There were also the petitions, posters, public meetings, marches, and an 11-day hunger strike in front of the British Home Office by Mrs. Regina Fischer, mother of the world-famous chess champion, Bobby Fischer.

But the movement to support Agee, such as it was, was simply going through the motions. Even in the heat of battle, Agee remained the closet liberal, taking political advice from his lawyers—always a fatal failing—and repeatedly shying away from any move that might alienate or seriously embarrass the people in power. Too strong a stand would only hurt his case, he warned, and close the door to him in other countries down the line.

ANNA WEISSMAN

BY ANY STANDARD, THE high point of the five bannings came when Agee stood before the court, or "independent advisory panel," which British Home Secretary Merlyn Rees appointed to hear the former CIA officer's "representations." Kafka couldn't have written a stranger scene. Each morning and each afternoon for five infuriating days in early 1977, Agee and his team of lawyers joined ranks in an elegant old military club near Trafalgar Square. Since no one would tell Agee the case against him, he was forced to become his own inquisitor, telling the panel everything he could remember—every Cuban or Russian he had ever met, every piece of information he had obtained and disseminated. He was magnificent, dredging up thousands of details from his prodigious memory, all in the slim hope that he might hit upon—and explain—the telltale charges that had somehow been entered against his name in a dossier he had never seen.

Each noon and each evening Agee and his team trundled back to a standing press conference at an art institute a block away and tried to answer the question on every reporter's lips: "Did they tell you, did you find out, do you now know what you are supposed to have done?" Everyone was grasping at straws, and all Agee could do was join in the grasping. One day he thought he had detected some life in the panel during his discussion of his trips to Cuba to do library research and to try—unsuccessfully—to get the Cubans to publish his book in Spanish. Another day he thought that the panel was interested in a whispered charge from Merlyn Rees that "Agee is responsible for the death of two of our boys behind the Iron Curtain." And in a third press conference, he seemed certain that the deportation had grown out of a trip to Jamaica in September 1976, when he had revealed the name of CIA men working on the island and charged that they were running a campaign to overthrow its popular prime minister, Michael Manley.

The ex-spook was reduced to stab-

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bing in the dark. Agee speculated that if he could guess the secret charge and prove that he didn't do "it," whatever "it" was, then maybe he could clear his name. But after watching his incredible effort—a 35,000-word personal statement, a compilation of all his writings, and an impressive parade of witnesses—one got the sneaking suspicion that the dossier against Agee had no case at all, that it was nothing more than a blank sheet with a single phrase: "Throw the bastard out!"

With each deportation, everyone wanted to know the reason why. And when the governments refused to explain, the fingers soon pointed right at Uncle Sam and his CIA. As Agee himself put it just before the Dutch threw him out, "I have never doubted that the CIA exerted pressure on the governments of the United Kingdom and France to take action against me, both to discredit me and to disrupt my work."

The evidence against the CIA is tentative, slim, incomplete, and wholly circumstantial. But, if true, it suggests that the CIA has run a massive media operation against Agee since the middle of 1974.

Several days before the British authorities first announced that they would begin deportation proceedings against Agee, a London television company prerecorded an interview with the CIA's former counterintelligence chief, James Angleton, the man in charge of the agency's initial efforts against Agee. In the interview, Angleton revealed that the CIA had protested against the original decision to let Agee into Britain in 1972. Off camera, he told the TV crew that his British friends were just about to move against the terrible Mr. Agee.

Following the announcement of the deportation proceedings and the showing of the interview, Angleton told the British *Guardian* in an interview that Agee posed no problem on his own. He had left the agency seven years before and had no more names to name, no more operations to expose, no more tales to tell. On his own, Agee had "run out of gas." But Agee isn't on his own, Angleton insisted. Sometime since leaving the CIA, he had become "an agent of influence" for the Cubans and the Russian KGB, a "conduit" for whatever propaganda they wanted to surface in the West. Angleton cited no evidence, and even admitted that so-called "agents of influence" might work against the CIA without ever having been recruited or paid by the other side. But the *Guardian* ran the story anyway, without Angleton's name, as "The CIA Case Against Agee."

THIS CHARGE ECHOED THE first public attack made against Agee in the summer of 1974, when Angleton was still the CIA's top counterspy. At a public hearing, Senator Howard Baker (R.-Tenn.) revealed that a "despondent" and "disgruntled" former CIA man had gone to Cuba, gotten drunk, and revealed agency secrets to an agent of the KGB. The story found its way into the *New York Times* and *Washington Post*, which named the drunken turncoat as Philip Agee. However, "official sources" later admitted that they had no indication that Agee had spoken with Soviet agents in Cuba or anywhere else and that the story of his spilling the beans was "nonsense."

Why all the fuss to smear an old spook who's "run out of gas"? So far, no one really knows.

Still, the damage was done. Agee came under attack again in December 1975, when unknown assassins killed the CIA station chief in Athens, Richard Welch. Agency spokesmen and several CIA old boys loudly blamed Agee and his comrades on *CounterSpy* magazine for having "fingered" Welch by publicly revealing his CIA identity. The agency then staged a well-publicized state funeral for the fallen Welch, and in the subsequent sobbing and handwringing, it deftly managed to derail the congressional investigations of the CIA and turn public anger against Agee and the would-be reformers.

It was a brilliant operation. No one bothered to read the offending issue of *CounterSpy*, which actually named Welch as the CIA chief in Peru, not Greece. No one heard Agee say that he had never known Welch and never named him as CIA. And no one really cared anymore when agency officials finally admitted that they had specifically warned Welch that he would blow his cover—and risk assassination—if he insisted on living in the same house that previous CIA chiefs in Athens had occupied.

WITH CHARGES LIKE these, "qualified Western sources" and "CIA spokesmen" have painted a full-blown portrait of a pinko spy, nicely touched up from time to time, as in Norway this May, when the government barred Agee without comment and the right-wing newspaper *Morgenbladt* explained that he was a "Castro agent." The NATO governments give tacit support to this interpretation with their border-closings and deportations, their tight-lipped official secrecy, and their well-placed rumors, hints, and asides. And, wittingly or unwittingly, the press and television play along, just as in one of those CIA media operations that the agency says it isn't doing any more.

Why all the fuss to smear an old spook who's "run out of gas"? So far, no one really knows. Agee generally explains the deportations and the press campaign as retribution for what he has done—notably the anti-CIA trip to Jamaica—or for what he is continuing to do. This includes a second book on CIA operations, a Who's Who of the CIA in Europe, to be published this fall, and—if he can find some big money—a computerized index of all identifiable CIA officers, agents, front organizations, and proprietary corporations.

But whatever Agee does or does not do, smearing him serves the CIA in much the same way as smearing anti-war activists served Richard Nixon. Making a scapegoat turns all eyes away from the agency's ongoing dirty tricks, and rallies support in Congress and the courts for a new set of Agee laws and decisions that would punish any government whistleblower who broke ranks to leak state secrets or to name secret spooks. With the continuing revelations of fairly conservative former CIA men such as Frank Snepp and John Stockwell—and several more are ready to surface—the agency will certainly do all it can to keep up the attack on the far more radical Agee.

But whatever happens to Philip Agee, he remains very much his own man, and for all the deportations and media blasts, for all the Cuban connections and KGB smears, the evidence still suggests that he is the one thing the wicked world of espionage can't handle: a self-motivated counterspy who goes his own way. ❑

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CORPORATE STATE

JIM MORRELL

Living high at the World Bank

INSIDE THE ELEGANT SHERAton Park Hotel along Washington's fashionable Connecticut Avenue, the World Bank was holding its annual convention to discuss ways of aiding the world's poor.

Outside the hotel, gleaming black Cadillac limousines bearing conference participants were backed up for a block waiting to get in the driveway.

Inside the hotel, the delegates were searching for ways to increase the productivity of the world's poor.

Outside the hotel, some of the chauffeurs had already set up a card table next to the parking lot. They would be playing cards there all day, waiting for their passengers to reemerge.

The yawning gap between the World Bank's stated purpose of aiding the world's poor, and the extravagant, sumptuous lifestyle enjoyed by the personnel who would deliver that aid, has stirred up an unexpected controversy in a city that normally looks upon inflated salaries and perquisites with an indulgent eye. Congress recently discovered that average salaries at the World Bank and other international financial institutions have risen to nearly $50,000 a year. Yet because the banks are international organizations, Congress can do nothing to change their internal policies other than threaten to withhold funds. What particularly galls the envious lawmakers is that some 350 members of the World Bank's professional staff earn more than the $57,500 members of Congress make annually. At the World Bank's sister institution, the International Monetary Fund, more than 90 employees make annual salaries of $70,000 to $80,000—more than the $66,000 of U. S. Cabinet officers. World Bank President Robert S. McNamara pays himself $116,000 a year, plus an expense account of $16,000—more than any U. S. official except the President.

Even President Carter recently said, "We recognize that salaries and living styles of some employees have been too lavish, and we will insist that the international programs we support will do more to control their administrative expenses." In 1976, the House Appropriations Committee found "a broad pattern of personal enrichment" in the bank in which "extraordinarily high salaries are commonplace and the pursuit of fringe benefits has been raised into a form of art." The Senate Appropriations Committee last year charged that the bank's officers had become an "aristocracy of development finance, jealous guardians of privilege and position," and it threatened to withhold funds.

Indeed, salaries are high at the World Bank. And although the figures quoted above are before-tax totals paid to American citizens, the salaries paid to foreigners are entirely tax-free because the World Bank is an international organization. To achieve equality with the foreign employees, the bank "grosses up" the salaries of American nationals by the amount of their federal and state tax liabilities—i.e., it pays their U. S. taxes for them. These tax reimbursements are paid as though the American nationals take only the standard deduction. But since most itemize their deductions, they actually receive far more in reimbursements than they paid in taxes.

Besides salaries that are the envy of official Washington, employees of the financial institutions have perquisites that include their very own country club—named the Bretton Woods—subsidized gourmet dining rooms, and routine first-class tickets on long overseas flights. Last year World Bank personnel took 1147 deluxe champagne flights on the Concorde.

In exasperated defense of their privileges, the European delegates to the World Bank have initiated a letter-writing campaign to refute newspaper articles that criticize their high salaries. Two years ago, IMF staffers even staged a brief protest strike for higher pay. (The American delegates were conspicuously absent from the protest because they are under orders to oppose salary increases in the banks. Former Secretary of the Treasury William Simon was an especially outspoken critic of inflated World Bank salaries, and the IMF staffers once nominated him as "beast of the day." He fired off a memo replying, "I hope I get the choice of animal, because I guarantee you it will be carnivorous.")

THE MAIN DEFENSE OFfered by the international banks is that they must compete with private industry for the best available bankers, engineers, and economists. The World Bank asserts that it handpicks these men and women in mid-career from over 100 nations for their superior technical skills, and that most come from private industry rather than the civil service of member governments. It must pay high salaries, it says, to attract qualified people.

It is difficult to understand why the Inter-American Development Bank pays $69,000 to the man who arranges board meetings.

However, after a quarter of a century of experience, it is now evident that it will take more than money and technical expertise to attack the overwhelming problem of poverty in the Third World. Whatever else is required, it will take a commitment and identification with the problems of the poor that cannot be bought at any price. It will take an attack on entrenched privilege in the developing world that is unlikely to be spearheaded by some of the most privileged personnel in the developed world.

It is difficult to understand why, in the name of fighting poverty, the Inter-American Development Bank (the regional version of the World

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Bank) must pay the man who arranges the details of board meetings a gross annual salary of $69,000. How well can a man who makes $69,000 a year understand the problems of a man who makes $69 a year?

The World Bank, the IMF, and the other international financial institutions are all tax-supported, and last year Congress appropriated $2.1 billion in public funds as the U. S. share of their upkeep. "Somewhere lost in the rhetoric of global internationalism," said the Senate Appropriations Committee last year, "is the fact that these public funds are contributions, made by ordinary taxpayers through their governments, to provide assistance to the poor."

Ironically, members of the bank's staff deny that their salaries are paid by tax money. To mollify their congressional critics, they insist that their lavish lifestyles are really paid for out of the interest and fees they charge on their loans to such desperately poor countries as India, Bangladesh, Tanzania, or Indonesia. Such is the style of debate in the hermetically sealed environment of official Washington.

*THE REAL QUESTION, HOW*ever, is whether high salaries help or hinder the World Bank in delivering desperately needed aid to over one billion people in the Third World who live in poverty. The World Bank says its mission is "to help raise standards of living in developing countries by channeling financial resources from developed countries to the developing world." And since Robert McNamara left the Defense Department and took over as World Bank president in 1968, the bank has been extraordinarily successful in gross dollar terms. The bank is now the world's largest aid agency, with $38 billion in credits outstanding to Third World countries.

But just as McNamara's body counts proved a misleading indicator of success in the Vietnam War, his dollar count may prove equally misleading in the global war against poverty. Any visitor arriving in a Third World country like Indonesia, which last year received $425 million in World Bank loans, quickly learns the problem is not simply one of absolute lack of financial resources. In Indonesia's capital city of Jakarta, glistening glass and concrete office towers and imposing government buildings line the main avenues. Late model Mercedes-Benz automobiles are plentiful, and a new elite of development planners plume themselves in the latest designer clothes from Paris.

The country is oil-rich, and last year it earned 10 times more in oil revenues than it received in aid from the World Bank. Yet the state-owned oil company is on the brink of bankruptcy, and rice output in this predominantly agricultural country is expected to fall short by 2.7 million tons this year. Infant mortality on the island of Java, where more than 80 million of the country's 135 million people live, is 30 to 40 times higher than in the West.

Overprivileged technocrats, who are groomed by the U. S. Agency for International Development and the World Bank, administer development programs in the name of the poor. "They are not really committed to any ideal," a noted Indonesian writer complained to the *New York Times*. "They are not really interested in the well-being of the people. They are indifferent to human rights and the rule of law. They will work for anybody who puts them there."

When the most privileged technocrats of the East meet with their counterparts from the World Bank to discuss the problems of the poor, what ideals, what commitments, what sacrifices on behalf of the struggling majority of Indonesia's population are discussed? What sort of model does the World Bank provide for Indonesia's new elite?

In the end, the privileges World Bank employees enjoy are a revealing symptom of the larger pattern of its operations, whereby it endorses and reinforces privilege throughout the developing world. The issue of inflated salaries at the bank, so amusing in some of its Washington aspects, has only the most tragic implications for the fate of the world's impoverished majority. ❑

Forthcoming in

INQUIRY

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Three former FBI officials have been indicted for authorizing illegal break-ins. But the Carter administration still permits breaking and entering for Uncle Sam.

By DAVID WISE

"Surreptitious entry . . . Use of this technique is clearly illegal; it amounts to burglary. It is also highly risky and could result in great embarrassment if exposed."

—Tom Charles Huston, explaining the "Huston Plan," in a July 1970 memo.

DESPITE THE LESSONS OF WATERgate, and the recent indictment of former FBI chief L. Patrick Gray III, government burglary for national security purposes is still the unofficial policy of the Carter administration.

That fact is shocking—and little understood by most Americans. As Tom Charles Huston pointed out to Richard Nixon, when the government breaks in without a court warrant, it becomes a burglar. At least Huston, peddling his blueprint for a police state in America, did not mince words. President Carter, in an executive order issued last January, prefers to call government break-ins "unconsented physical searches." And he permits them.

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There is, consequently, a degree of irony in the administration's indictment of Gray and two other former senior FBI officials for allegedly conducting warrantless break-ins during 1972 and 1973 in a fruitless search for members of the radical Weather Underground. According to the indictment, Gray, W. Mark Felt, and Edward S. Miller conspired to violate the constitutional rights of eight relatives and acquaintances of the Weather fugitives, "including the right secured to them by the Fourth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States to be secure in their homes, papers, and effects against unreasonable searches and seizures."

Attorney General Griffin Bell, in commenting on the indictment, which was returned by a federal grand jury in Washington April 10, said the Justice Department had found no evidence that the Nixon White House ordered the burglaries in the New York City area of which Gray and company stand accused. Bell said he was unable to place responsibility for the break-ins "outside the FBI."

This, of course, is a crucial point, since the prosecutors can be expected to argue that government break-ins for national security purposes are constitutional only when approved by the President or the attorney general. Such an argument is consistent with President Carter's official policy, which permits "unconsented physical searches" in foreign intelligence cases if the President gives his general authorization for such break-ins and the attorney general approves each one.

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It is an argument that smacks faintly of Richard Nixon's dictum that certain actions, otherwise illegal or unconstitutional, are lawful "if undertaken by the sovereign in protection of the interest of the nation's security." Or as Nixon put it more simply to David Frost, "When the President does it, that means it is not illegal."

It all seems a long way from the letter and the spirit of the Fourth Amendment, which was ratified, after all, to protect us against government break-ins. The American Revolution was fought, at least in part, in protest against the notorious "writs of assistance," which permitted the indiscriminate ransacking of colonists' homes by British troops searching for contraband. The Fourth Amendment was framed against the background of James Otis's celebrated argument against the writs in *Lechmere's Case*.

Revealing intelligence abuses has had some positive effects.

The Fourth Amendment is designed to protect us against "unreasonable searches and seizures" and it provides that no search warrants may be issued except on "probable cause." In interpreting this language, the Supreme Court has held that searches conducted without a warrant issued by a judge or magistrate "are *per se* unreasonable . . ." At the core of the Fourth Amendment is the concept that a neutral judge—not a police officer—should decide when the government is justified in searching for evidence of a crime.

The Supreme Court in 1972 ruled that the government may not wiretap domestic groups without a court warrant. The Court has never ruled, however, on the question of whether in foreign intelligence cases there is a "national security" exception to the warrant requirement of the Fourth Amendment. And Carter's executive order, asserting a presidential power to break and enter in such cases, slips through the narrow space left open by the Supreme Court.

ALTHOUGH THE FBI HAS COMmitted burglaries for decades, at least since 1948, Carter is the first President to assert that power clearly, boldly, and publicly, although an executive order by Gerald Ford permitted the same practice in less explicit language. Carter's executive order rests on the rationale that the President's constitutional responsibilities to conduct foreign policy and to protect national security permit him to break and enter without a warrant when necessary. Robert Keuch, a deputy assistant attorney general in the criminal division and a specialist on national security law, put it simply: "The Fourth Amendment prohibits unreasonable searches and seizures. But we argue that searches are reasonable when conducted for foreign intelligence purposes and authorized by the President."

Ironically, Carter's promulgation of a presidential right to break and enter is contained in an executive order designed to reform and restructure the nation's intelligence agencies. The order, for example, requires direct presidential approval for CIA covert operations, bans CIA assassinations, prohibits the violent overthrow of democratic governments, and contains many other provisions that, taken together, make up the administration's response to the disclosures in recent years of widespread abuses and law-breaking by U. S. intelligence agencies.

Carter issued his executive order, entitled "United States Intelligence Activities," last January 24. The provision dealing with break-ins appears in Section 2, "Restrictions on Intelligence Activities." The section is not very restrictive. It permits break-ins, wiretapping, bugging, television surveillance, and physical surveillance without a court warrant, if the President has authorized the spying technique, and the attorney general has approved its use in a specific case. The target can be anyone who the attorney general has probable cause to believe is "an agent of a foreign power"—a phrase that is nowhere defined.

Although the words "agent of a foreign power" bring to mind images of spies or foreign diplomats, it is clear from the language of the order that government break-ins, wiretapping, or bugging can be directed at American citizens, without a court warrant, in foreign intelligence cases. The Senate Intelligence Committee has been holding hearings on S. 2525, an intelligence reform measure that goes further than the President's order in many respects, requiring a judicial warrant for all government searches, for example. In April the Senate passed a wiretap bill that would require a warrant for electronic surveillance in all investigations, including foreign intelligence cases. Although the wiretap bill would prohibit warrantless entries for purposes of planting a "bug," if it becomes law it would leave the government free, under Carter's order, to conduct break-ins for any other purpose—to photograph or search for material, for example.

Whether to prosecute FBI burglars was, of course, a political hot potato of enormous dimensions for the Carter administration. Even if a far larger number of FBI officials and former officials should have been indicted—as a team of rebellious Justice Department lawyers has publicly charged—the decision of the President and Attorney General Bell to indict Gray and two other former high officials represents a milestone. Congress may fail to act on intelligence reform, and a jury may or may not convict Gray, Felt, and Miller, but it is obvious that the disclosures of intelligence agency abuses have had some positive effect. To measure the change in atmosphere, one has only to try to picture J. Edgar Hoover indicted, arraigned, mugged, and fingerprinted for the same crimes now charged against his successor, Pat Gray. A Hoover indictment would have been inconceivable.

On the other hand, Carter and Bell had little choice but to deal with the FBI burglary problem in some fashion. Certainly the problem would not go away.

The first official acknowledgment of FBI break-ins came from Clarence M. Kelley in 1975. Kelley was the Kansas City police chief whom Richard Nixon named to replace Gray, the former navy submarine commander who had demonstrated his unbounded loyalty to Nixon by burning vital Watergate evidence with his Christmas trash. (As his reward, Gray was allowed to twist slowly in the wind.) At a press conference, Kelley confirmed that the FBI had conducted "surreptitious entries" for "national security" purposes for years. Aware that Hoover had prohibited "black bag" jobs in 1966, Kelley said that the break-ins had stopped in 1966 except for "a small amount" conducted in supersensitive foreign counterintelligence cases.

Later, the first Senate Intelligence Committee, chaired by Frank Church (D.-Ida.), sketched in the dimensions of FBI

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burglarizing. The committee disclosed that the bureau had committed hundreds of break-ins, and had even developed a system of filing the records of burglaries under a marvelous heading, "Do Not File," in order to preserve their secrecy. In New York City, the FBI burglarized the offices of the Socialist Workers Party 92 times in the early 1960s, on the average of once every three weeks. The agents who conducted such break-ins were trained in "lock studies" and often received cash incentives and special commendations from Hoover for successful burglaries.

Finally, in April of this year, the investigation by the new team of prosecutors resulted in the indictments of Gray, Felt, and Miller, all of whom have pleaded not guilty. At the same time, Bell dropped the case against Kearney, removed LaPrade as head of the New York office, and announced FBI disciplinary proceedings against 68 agents.

Months before they were indicted, both Felt and Miller had admitted authorizing break-ins. Felt told the *New York Times* that he had approved two burglaries in 1972, one in the Weather Underground case and one against the Arab Information Center in Dallas. He said he believed Gray had given his general approval for break-ins. Miller told the *Washington Post* that Gray, in August of 1972, had reinstituted the policy of allowing break-ins. Thereafter, Miller said, he and Felt had approved a dozen break-ins in the New York area. Miller contended that Gray told a group of visiting FBI agents of his decision to permit break-ins and announced it as well to a group of agents assigned to the Weather Underground investigation who were meeting at the FBI academy in Quantico, Virginia. The indictment charges that Gray spoke to a group of FBI officials in September 1972 and approved the agenda for "a Weatherman in-service training course" at Quantico in October, at which agents "were given a lecture on how to conduct surreptitious entries." The news apparently came as a shock to Senator Ernest F. Hollings (D.-S.C.), the chairman of the FBI appropriations subcommittee. "They were running a school on burglary, heavens above," he exclaimed.

Records of the burglaries were filed under "Do Not File."

Although Kelley had assured the public that break-ins were a thing of the past, he had not reckoned with John F. Malone, director of the FBI's New York office, known to his colleagues as "Cement Head." Malone, an orderly man, had kept a list of FBI break-ins in his office safe. The list apparently included break-ins in the early 1970s, even some that took place after Kelley became FBI director in 1973. Kelley then confessed publicly, in August of 1976, that he had been deliberately "deceived" by FBI officials who had concealed information about the break-ins. Malone's list surfaced during a Justice Department investigation of the FBI burglaries. The investigation was launched early in 1976 after a civil suit brought against the bureau by the Socialist Workers Party disclosed evidence that the FBI was still breaking and entering in the 1970s.

In April 1977, a federal grand jury in New York indicted former agent John J. Kearney, who had supervised Squad 47, the FBI unit searching for Weather Underground members, who were charged with bombings or other terrorist acts, and who were hiding from the FBI. Kearney was charged not with burglary but with illegally opening mail and unlawfully tapping telephones in the search for the fugitives.

Some 300 FBI agents staged a silent demonstration for Kearney outside the courthouse in New York when he was arraigned, a rather ominous display by a police agency. In the months that followed, considerable public sympathy developed for Kearney. At the very least, critics contended, the Kearney indictment should have been accompanied by prosecution of any bigger fish who had ordered the break-ins.

A BATTLE PARALLELING THE public debate was being fought inside the Justice Department. The struggle burst into public view in December, when a team of five Justice Department attorneys, led by William L. Gardner of the civil rights division, resigned from the break-in investigation in an open dispute with Griffin Bell. The lawyers had wanted to indict more than half a dozen high FBI officials, including J. Wallace LaPrade, Malone's successor as head of the New York field office. Bell had adamantly refused, claiming that he wanted to bring Kearney to trial first and then move up the ladder to higher officials. Bell appointed a new team of 10 lawyers headed by superstar Barnet Skolnik, the assistant U.S. attorney in Baltimore who had led the investigation of Spiro T. Agnew.

Through his attorneys, Gray has said he never approved any illegal acts by the FBI. But Miller, in documents filed in court by his attorneys late in May, charged that not only Gray, but his successors, Acting FBI Director William D. Ruckelshaus and Clarence Kelley, knew that the FBI was conducting break-ins. Miller said he told both FBI directors in 1973 about the "program of surreptitious entries . . . under Mr. Gray." According to the documents, Miller testified to a federal grand jury in 1973 that he had informed Ruckelshaus and Kelley about the break-ins. Ruckelshaus said he recalled no such conversation with Miller "and I would have." Kelley told me in a telephone interview that he had not seen Miller's documents, but could reaffirm his 1976 statement that "I didn't know about them and had been deceived. I can say that in 1976 I didn't know anything about it, and I don't know what he's talking about now."

Kelley also said he had no knowledge that FBI break-ins continued as late as November 1974, as the Justice Department's William Gardner testified in April. "I don't know anything about break-ins in 1974," Kelley said. "I came aboard in July 1973. I did not authorize any [break-ins]. I did not approve any, nor were any submitted to me."

To understand the issues in the Gray case, one must look back to the early 1950s, when Hoover was pressing Harry Truman's attorney general, J. Howard McGrath, for permission to break and enter to plant microphones, which the FBI was already doing. (Connoisseurs of government burglaries understand that there are two basic kinds—break-ins to plant bugs, and break-ins to steal, examine, or photograph documents or other materials.) McGrath craftily told Hoover that bugs were fine, but he would not approve any that involved a "trespass."

Hoover kept pushing, and in 1954 he succeeded in getting the permission he wanted from Eisenhower's attorney gen-

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eral, Herbert Brownell. In 1965, however, Lyndon Johnson's attorney general, Nicholas Katzenbach, changed the ground rules and required that each break-in to plant a bug be approved by him.

Then on July 19, 1966, Assistant FBI Director William C. Sullivan, who headed the Domestic Intelligence Division, wrote a now-famous memo describing FBI burglaries. "We do not obtain authorization for 'black bag' jobs from outside the Bureau," Sullivan said. "Such a technique involves trespass and is clearly illegal; therefore, it would be impossible to obtain any legal sanction for it. Despite this, 'black bag' jobs have been used because they represent an invaluable technique in combating subversive activities of a clandestine nature aimed directly at undermining and destroying our nation."

On the bottom of Sullivan's memo, Hoover scrawled, "No more such techniques must be used. h." In a memo dated January 6, 1967, Hoover noted with irritation that requests were still being made for "the use of 'black bag' techniques." Hoover said he had already ruled out "surreptitious entrances" and would not approve them in the future. Various factors probably influenced Hoover's decision, not the least of which was his growing annoyance with performing high-risk embassy break-ins to gather intelligence for his rivals, the CIA and the NSA.

Since the whole subject of government break-ins was a closely held secret, the issue did not come before a federal court until the prosecution of John Ehrlichman for the burglary of Daniel Ellsberg's psychiatrist. In that case, Federal District Judge Gerhard A. Gesell, in a ringing defense of the Fourth Amendment, rejected the argument that the President, because of his foreign policy responsibilities, has the power to burglarize. An appeals court upheld Ehrlichman's conviction, and the Supreme Court declined to hear the case.

But a funny thing happened on the way to the court of appeals. The Watergate special prosecutor, Henry S. Ruth, Jr., had submitted a brief arguing that the government had no power to conduct "warrantless physical entries into the home or office of a citizen . . . Such searches have never been tolerated under the Fourth Amendment." In an extraordinary step, Attorney General Edward H. Levi intervened in the case. A 1975 letter, signed by John C. Keeney, a Justice Department official, argued that break-ins *were* legal under the Fourth Amendment, where espionage or foreign intelligence was involved, if done with the "personal authorization of the President or the Attorney General." Keeney added: "It is and has long been the Department's view that warrantless searches involving physical entries into private premises are justified under the proper circumstances when related to foreign espionage or intelligence."

Thus, in a little-publicized letter, signed by an acting assistant attorney general, the government asserted much the same right to burglarize that Carter proclaimed in his executive order last January.

Carter's order permits warrantless break-ins against "a United States person," which means either a citizen or a resident alien, in foreign intelligence cases. But the order does not discuss "non-U. S. persons." Is the FBI free, then, to burglarize foreign embassies or foreigners suspected to be agents, without broad presidential approval and specific approval by the attorney general? The Justice Department says no: "The Keeney letter was and is still our position."

Although Bell maintains that Gray, Felt, and Miller obtained no authorization for break-ins outside the FBI, the Keeney letter had not yet been written in 1972 and 1973, the period in which the Weather Underground burglaries allegedly took place. Nor is it at all clear that Katzenbach's 1965 order would carry forward to another administration, or that Patrick Gray would be bound by Hoover's 1966 and 1967 orders to end "black bag" jobs.

The Justice Department will presumably be unable to show, therefore, that Gray violated any specific directives in effect in 1972 and 1973, when the burglaries he is accused of occurred. But that line of proof is not really necessary to the government's case if it can successfully argue that break-ins are constitutional only with approval of the President or the attorney general. And it is clear that the Justice Department has gone to great lengths to satisfy itself that Gray, Felt, and Miller had not obtained approval from outside the FBI. Nixon, Haldeman, Ehrlichman, and several other former officials were all interviewed on that point by Skolnik's team of attorneys.

Congress should require a warrant for all searches.

The 1972 decision of the Supreme Court in the *Keith* case will also be pivotal to the Gray prosecution. This was the case in which the Court ruled that the government could not wiretap a domestic group without a judicial warrant. The Court left open the question of whether wiretap warrants were required in foreign intelligence cases. The *Keith* decision was handed down on June 19, 1972—six months before the first of the nine break-ins alleged in the Gray indictment.

Thus, the FBI was well aware, after *Keith*, that warrantless wiretaps in domestic cases were illegal. And break-ins, as well as taps, are covered by the Fourth Amendment. A central theory of Griffin Bell's case, therefore, is that the Weather people were not foreign agents, so that there could be no basis for a break-in.

*IN SUM, THERE ARE SIGNIFICANT DIFFER-*ences in the break-ins charged to Gray and those permitted under Carter's executive order. The government maintains that Gray acted without higher authority and against a domestic group; the Carter order requires presidential general approval, and the attorney general's specific approval, and limits break-ins to agents of a foreign power. But these nuances are likely to be lost to a majority of Americans who may wonder why the Carter administration is prosecuting a former FBI director for break-ins while permitting the present FBI director to conduct them.

Since both the President and the Justice Department cling to the notion that the government can burglarize to protect us all from foreign agents, the only solution in sight is for Congress to pass legislation requiring a warrant for *all* government searches. That might, after all, be what the Founding Fathers had in mind.

"The Fourth Amendment," Judge Gesell noted in the Ellsberg break-in case, "protects the privacy of citizens against unreasonable and unrestrained intrusion by government officials and their agents. It is not theoretical. It lies at the heart of our free society."

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Quest for the MANCHURIAN CANDIDATE

For years, CIA scientists have attempted to create programmed agents through the use of "mind control" techniques. Did they succeed? Is it even possible?

BY ALAN W. SCHEFLIN & EDWARD M. OPTON, JR.

RICHARD CONDON MAY have popularized the Manchurian Candidate, but the idea did not originate with him. When CIA Director Allen Dulles addressed a national meeting of Princeton University alumni in 1953, he chose for his topic the "battle for men's minds" then supposedly being waged by the Soviet Union. According to Dulles, this battle was being fought on two fronts: mass indoctrination through censorship and propaganda, and individual "brainwashing" and "brain changing" whereby the Soviets "wash the brain clean of the thoughts and mental processes of the past and, possibly through the use of some 'lie serum,' create new brain processes and new thoughts which the victim, parrot-like, repeats."

If there was to be any hope that the United States would not lose the "brain warfare" struggle, Dulles continued, "we must understand the techniques the Soviet Union is adopting to control men's minds." But the United States was at a serious disadvantage. Not only did the Soviets have a two-decade technical advantage, but the Western world was "somewhat handicapped" in obtaining available information because there were few men who left the Soviet bloc countries after their minds had been "cleansed." Even more significantly, Dulles told his audience, "we have no human guinea pigs, ourselves, on which to try out these extraordinary techniques"—although, as we now know, the CIA managed to overcome this latter handicap.

There had been speculation within the CIA about the Manchurian Candidate possibility even before Dulles's speech. As a recently revealed CIA memorandum, dated February 10, 1951, noted, "With respect to inducing specific action on the part of a subject by hypnotism, it would be possible to brief a prisoner or other individual, subsequently dispatch him on a mission and successfully debrief him on his return without his recollection of the whole proceeding." Two years later, another memo referred to the case of "an individual who had come out of North Korea across the Soviet Union to freedom recently [who] had apparently had a 'blank' period or periods of disorientation while passing through a special zone in Manchuria." Such was the genesis of the CIA's mind control program.

The CIA's quest to develop Manchurian Candidates cost millions of dollars, required the aid of hundreds of researchers, universities, pharmaceutical houses, mental institutions, prisons, and laboratories, and eventually included large-scale experimentation on unwitting U.S. citizens. Even if the CIA was skeptical about the possibility of robotizing people, it kept on trying. That much we know. The question that remains unanswered is, Did the CIA, or anyone else, succeed? Is it, in fact, possible to reprogram the human mind to automatically obey commands?

There have been many allegations that Manchurian Candidates exist. Within the last two decades the idea has been seriously presented as the explanation for political assassinations in the United States and elsewhere. Hypno-programmed agents, unconscious automatons blindly acting out the instructions of others, have been popular subjects of speculation.

Dr. Eduard Simson-Kallas, a psychologist who interviewed convicted assassin Sirhan Sirhan after Sirhan was sentenced to San Quentin's death row in 1969, says that Sirhan was hypnotically programmed. Others have

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charged that Lee Harvey Oswald, Jack Ruby, and Arthur Bremer, who shot George Wallace, were also programmed assassins.

More recently, a book called *The Control of Candy Jones* has added fuel to the Manchurian Candidate fire. *Candy Jones*, which was published in 1976, tells the story of how one of America's leading cover girls in the 1940s was, as she now says, for 12 years an unwitting guinea pig for the CIA's mind-control experiments. According to the story, in 1960, Candy was approached by an old acquaintance and asked to deliver messages for the CIA in the normal course of her travels. However, the assignment was simply a ruse to make her available for mind-control experiments designed to convert her into a programmed agent. Through repeated hypnosis, which Candy now claims she was unaware of, her personality was "split" and a new persona, Arlene Grant, was created. As Arlene Grant, Candy was programmed to obey clandestine CIA instructions, while her normal personality remained unaware of these actions. According to the book, this story came to light when Candy's husband, an amateur hypnotist, put her in a trance in order to relieve her insomina, and, in the process, discovered the details of Candy's secret existence.

Allegations of hypno-programmed agents persist. But is it theoretically possible to gain such complete control over the mind of an unwilling person with exotic techniques of brainwashing, drugs, and hypnosis?

One of the first public discussions of using mind control techniques to create programmed assassins or "super spies" is to be found in a book called *Hypnotism*, which was published by George Estabrooks in 1943. In a chapter entitled "Hypnotism in Warfare," Estabrooks, a professor of psychology at Colgate University, believed that hypnotism could be used to build a double agent, a man whose *un*conscious mind was loyal to his country (in this case the United States) but whose conscious mind was loyal to the enemy. Such a programmed spy would be more effective, because, if captured and tortured, he would have nothing to reveal: he would be unaware of the secret locked up in his unconscious mind. Such an agent would never "squeal" because he would know of nothing to tell.

Estabrooks went further. "We would, of course, remove from the subject all knowledge of ever having been hypnotized and render it impossible for anyone else to throw him in the trance." When he killed, all that "he could tell the jury would be that he had an irresistible impulse to kill a man, which would only mean an institution for the criminally insane rather than the electric chair."

Estabrooks expanded on these ideas for creating a "super spy" in the second edition of his book, 14 years later. The first step, he wrote, requires finding the "one in five adult humans who can be thrown into the hypnotic trance" so deep they will have no memory of it. Such persons can be hypnotized without their consent using a "disguised" technique, talking the subject into relaxation, and then sleep. Second, while in such a trance, the subject would be instructed to fall back into trance whenever the hypnotist used a certain word or sound. In order to prevent "leakage," the next step requires that the subject be given a suggestion that removes all knowledge that the hypnotic act took place. The fourth step protects the process by suggesting that no one else will be able to hypnotize the subject without the consent of the present hypnotist. Fifth, the subject is coached to behave while in the trance exactly as she or he behaves while awake. "Under these circumstances," says Estabrooks, "we could defy anyone, even a skilled psychologist, to tell whether the subject was 'asleep' or 'awake.'"

According to Estabrooks, any good subject could be so prepared in 10 hours' time. But the process is not yet complete. For the next steps, however, only the very best subjects could be used and "instead of ten hours preparation, we had better allow ten months." Without explaining how it could be done, Estabrooks states that hypnotism would be used to "induce a multiple personality." The multiple personality having been constructed, one identity is given the memories of the other. The other personality is unaware that this entire process has taken place. Opposing loyalties are then created for each personality and "the right hand, literally, does not know what the left hand is doing and no one would be more surprised than himself to discover that he was the blackest of spies."

Needless to say, Estabrooks's speculations found immediate favor in intelligence circles. After all, they undoubtedly reasoned, if the technique is possible, the Soviets will do it. CIA memos from the early 1950s reflect grave concern that the technology for creating hypnotically programmed agents was already operational in the Communist countries. As Allen Dulles said, it was indeed "brain warfare," and the stakes were nothing short of the sanctity and survival of the human mind.

There are, however, major difficulties with Estabrooks's ideas. Estabrooks himself appears to follow Pavlov in understanding hypnosis to be a form of conditioned reflex. However, there are many other schools of thought on the subject, and most of them would disagree with Pavlov. In order to evaluate the Estabrooks "super spy" theories it is necessary to have some understanding of the various other theories of hypnosis as well.

PAVLOV, THE GREAT RUSsian physiologist, only briefly directed his attention to hypnotic phenomena. Pavlov believed that "suggestion" was "the most simple form of a typical conditioned reflex in man." According to this view, speech is capable of calling forth from an individual the full range of reactions normally produced by an actual stimulus. A description of being stuck in a snowstorm might cause the listener to shiver and actually feel cold. These words have past associations with the real (unconditioned) stimuli and produce conditioned responses when those associations are suggested. It is but a short step to believe that the repetition of words and phrases such as "you are getting sleepy," "your eyelids are getting heavier and heavier," and "you are having trouble staying awake," operate in the same way to produce the conditioned response, just as if the person really were getting sleepy. Although Pavlov did not believe that conditioned-reflex theory fully explained the hypnotic state, others were prepared to strenuously argue that it did.

Andrew Salter, an American psychologist, has been the most vigorous proponent of the theory that hypnosis is merely an aspect of the conditioned reflex. Because "words are bound up with completely unconscious associative reflexes," he says, "repeated suggestions of drowsiness, sleep and heaviness of limbs are part of a conditioning process eliciting past associations which involuntarily trigger neurological processes of sleep and heaviness, bringing the subject into a hypnotic trance." Salter therefore postulates that hypnosis "is based on associative re-

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flexes that use words as the triggers of automatic reactions. Hypnosis is the production of reactions in the human organism through the use of verbal or other associative reflexes."

Salter's views were heavily influential in Richard Condon's depiction of the possibility of conditioned hypno-assassins. Condon cites Salter, and the works on reflex theory that Salter relies upon, to support the Manchurian Candidate thesis. Salter recognizes that not every person can be turned into a Manchurian Candidate. Some people are excellent hypnotic subjects while others are not. But because the conditioned reflex does not involve volitional thinking, once it is trained into a good subject, "he becomes a pure automaton."

*SUCH THEORIES, INCLUD*ing Mesmer's "animal magnetism," Pavlov's "cerebral inhibition," Charcot's "pathological central nervous system," and the "sleep state" explanations of de Pusegur, Liebeault, and Bernheim, are currently out of vogue with western hypnotism researchers, though these views receive preferred status in the Soviet Union where Pavlovian analysis serves as the basis for psychological thought. Psychoanalytic theories—which maintain that hypnosis is a state of regression in which the hypnotist takes on the role of a parent, a significant figure in the subject's past, or a person to whom the subject is willing to transfer a portion of his or her identity temporarily—are also on the wane, as is the influence of Freud, from whose work they are derived. Today, western researchers favor other psychological theories, the most popular of which present hypnosis as a state of heightened suggestibility or as a special form of role-playing in which the hypnotized subject acts as he or she expects a hypnotized person should act. There is also a significant body of thought which argues that hypnotic states do not exist—that every aspect of hypnotism which seemingly differentiates it from normal consciousness can be explained without resorting to concepts like "trance" or "somnambulism."

Proponents of the view that hypnosis is a state of heightened suggestibility claim that hypnosis is on a continuum with other states of experience. The tendency to obey the hypnotist is merely a more intense form of normal suggestibility. Without trust and the willingness to enter into an alternate state of consciousness, the subject will not respond to hypnosis. But with such trust, obedience may not require hypnosis at all.

The heightened suggestibility theory has several variants. Some focus on the hypnotist and emphasize the charismatic or authoritarian aspect of that role. Others focus on the subject and claim that hypnosis is like other placebos—it works because the subject believes it will work. In this view, hypnosis has no power beyond the subject's expectations of it, and without such expectations hypnotism does not exist. A third variety of the theory considers hypnosis a sophisticated form of role-playing.

Those who take this last view focus on the interraction between hypnotist and subject. Each wants to satisfy the expectations of the other; therefore, subjects undergoing hypnosis desire to act the way hypnotized people act, and they are particularly responsive to cues given by the hypnotist which help clarify what behavior is expected. Martin T. Orne, a prominent hypnosis researcher, demonstrated this role-playing aspect in a study conducted in 1959. Orne lectured to two groups of students about hypnosis and to both he demonstrated how it worked. One class demonstration involved a "spontaneous dominant hand catalepsy," a behavior not previously reported in the hypnosis literature. Volunteers from each of the two groups were later hypnotized. Several in the group who witnessed the "spontaneous hand catalepsy" produced that behavior under hypnosis, whereas no member of the other group did so. Orne believes that subjects act in hypnosis the way they think they are supposed to act. They play the role of hypnotized subjects. Orne, in a later paper, states that "the actual occurrence of the trance state is related to the wish of the subject to enter hypnosis." According to Orne, almost all currently available information about hypnosis comes from situations in which the subject wanted to be hypnotized, and it would seem to be essential that there be some "positive relationship between subject and hypnotist" before a trance state can be induced.

If, as current thought says, hypnosis is a state of heightened suggestibility wherein the subject in a real sense "creates" the hypnotic condition, why is it necessary to postulate a state of hypnosis at all? The logical extension of the heightened suggestibility theory would

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eliminate hypnosis as a special trance state and recognize it simply as a normal waking condition in which the subject is especially attuned to comply with the hypnotist's requests. The major proponent of this view is Theodore X. Barber, director of psychological research at Massachusetts's Medfield State Hospital.

In presenting his theory, Barber stresses that there are no recognizable physiological differences between hypnotized and unhypnotized persons. How then can scientists really tell if a person has fallen into hypnosis? Barber argues that they must rely on the subject's outer manifestations and subsequent reports. This method is not only grossly unreliable, but it approaches the ridiculous in circular reasoning: "If the presence of a 'hypnotic state' is to be deduced from subjects' responses to suggestions," he writes, "we cannot turn around full-circle and explain their responsiveness to suggestions by saying they are in a 'hypnotic state.'" "Since the concept 'hypnosis' can be used to explain every conceivable experimental finding," says Barber, "it is questionable whether it actually explains anything at all."

It should be emphasized that none of the contemporary theories of hypnosis see the phenomenon as a means for taking total and undisclosed control over the mind of another. If anything, modern theories suggest the opposite: that it is the subject who manipulates his or her own mental state to become more responsive to the hypnotist.

Although there is no agreement about how hypnosis works, almost all modern writers on hypnosis adhere to one or another of these ideas. But none of these theories have room for Manchurian Candidates. To allow for the possibility of Manchurian Candidates, Estabrooks had to propose a radical theory of hypnosis that was uniquely his own. If Estabrooks merely held a view of hypnosis that virtually all his colleagues reject, that would not prove his theories incorrect, just implausible. But there is a stronger reason to reject the Super Spy model, one that rests upon common sense as well as science. In order to make Estabrooks's Super Spy operational, it would be necessary for the hypnotist to accomplish the following:

1. Locate a subject capable of reaching somnambulistic state.
2. Hypnotize that person against his or her will by a "disguised" technique.
3. Instill a posthypnotic suggestion that the subject will go into a deep trance whenever the hypnotist gives a special signal.
4. Instill a posthypnotic suggestion that the subject will act no differently while in a trance than while awake.
5. Instill a posthypnotic suggestion that the subject cannot be hypnotized by anyone unless a specific command is given.
6. Enable the subject, by posthypnotic suggestion, to resist forceful interrogation and possibly even torture.
7. Create multiple personalities.
8. Separately program one or more of those personalities.
9. Induce one or more of those personalities to commit crimes or act in ways that violate the person's ethical code.
10. Instill a posthypnotic suggestion of amnesia for all the above steps.
11. Ensure that these hypnotic programs last for the life of the subject.

Each of the above steps is unlikely. The combination of all together stretches credulity beyond the breaking point. People are not automatons. They are complex and often irrational. Only people who see other people as robots believe that they can be controlled like robots. Hypnosis is not a mystical power by which one person depletes the will power of another. Hypnotists don't seize control of other people; other people allow hypnotists to exercise control over them. There are many reasons why people comply with orders. We do not doubt that some people can make other people do their bidding. But we reject the idea that it is accomplished involuntarily.

There is no technology capable of creating Manchurian Candidates, nor is it likely that one will be developed. As former CIA psychologist John Gittinger testified before Congress last August 3:

> I can tell you that as far as I knew, by 1961, 1962, it was at least proven to my satisfaction that brainwashing, so-called, as some kind of an esoteric device where drugs or mind-altering kinds of conditions and so forth were used, did not exist even though the Manchurian Candidate as a movie really set us back a long time, because it made something impossible look plausible. Do you follow what I mean? But by 1962 and 1963, the general idea that we were able to come up with is that brainwashing was largely a process of isolating a human being, keeping him out of contact, putting him under long stress in relationship to interviewing and interrogation, and that they could produce any change that way without having to resort to any esoteric means.

THE EXIGENCIES OF THE Cold War initially scared the CIA into believing that the Soviets had developed some new technique for control of the mind. The earliest CIA documents attest to this concern. The massive experimentation program was in part an effort to obtain the same potential for the United States. In addition, the CIA was curious: How far could the human mind be pushed? What effects would powerful, new psychotropic drugs have on the thoughts and acts of unsuspecting people? An air of sophomoric experimentation soon developed in the CIA.

Ten years of research convinced the CIA that brainwashing is not a unique phenomenon, but merely the coercive end of the scale of human persuasion. Ten years of research taught the CIA that the human mind can be softened for indoctrination quite easily, and without fancy chemicals or malevolent hypnotists. If the CIA continued the search for the Manchurian Candidate beyond the late 1950s, it was simply because the agency saw no reason not to look.

Further support for this conclusion is available from the June 19, 1964 response of Richard Helms to a request by J. Lee Rankin, general counsel for the Warren Commission, for information on the Soviet potential for brainwashing. As Helms, who was the deputy director for plans of the CIA at the time, responded by letter, "There is no evidence that the Soviets have any techniques or agents capable of producing particular behavioral patterns which are not available in the West."

According to both Gittinger, the operative, and Helms, the official, the CIA knew in the early 1950s that the Soviets possessed no secrets of mind control that would permit them to construct "programmed" agents. Both agreed that there are no long-term methods of coercive mind control capable of being used effectively against individuals. Helms's discussion of Soviet psychological techniques shows them to be no more than propaganda: mass indoctrination through censorship, partial truths, and deliberate distortion of information. Any government, our own included, which has the power to censor the information people receive, watch closely the behavior they exhibit, and control their vital re-

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sources, has little need of sophisticated techniques of mind control.

Indeed, we may take the point one step further. Much information has reached the West about the harsh treatment accorded to Soviet dissidents. Our own Congress has held hearings on the issue, and many psychiatric organizations have condemned Soviet practices. Yet, there is no mention of dissidents being converted into zealous, law-abiding Soviet citizens. Certainly, if mind control were a reality, the Soviet Union would exploit it by converting its dissidents into defenders. The Soviet Union has not done so. We presume the reason is because they cannot, not because they would not like to.

Is it possible that the testimony of John Gittinger and Richard Helms's letter 13 years earlier are part of a massive two-decade cover-up to prevent the American people from learning that the CIA has indeed perfected the ability to create Manchurian Candidates? The CIA is in the business of lying, and it can be quite adept at it. It is also quite true that the CIA has chosen not to reveal many facets of its mind manipulation programs. But the Manchurian Candidate is not possible *in theory;* therefore, there is nothing for the CIA to cover up in *fact,* except, of course, the details of its futile attempts to create one.

The ability to create Manchurian Candidates does not exist. If such a technology did exist, it would be both dangerous and unnecessary. It would be dangerous because the plot could easily unravel. "Programmed" people may not always stay programmed. Manchurian Candidates are unnecessary because the CIA has more effective ways to do its work. That the CIA has often killed is no secret. That there are people prepared to kill under the instruction of their government should also come as no surprise. Indeed, according to Peter Watson, a British psychologist and reporter for the London *Sunday Times,* the United States Navy operates an assassination school in San Diego where it selects people psychologically predisposed to be killers, including convicted murderers, and trains them to be assassins. According to Watson's informant, Lieutenant Commander Thomas Narut, the navy screens potential candidates and sends the most acceptable of them for stress training in San Diego or to a navy laboratory in Naples. Training begins with films of people mutilated or killed in violent ways. The films acclimate the men; they learn to dissociate themselves from the emotions of death. As the films become progressively more gruesome, they present increasingly more familiar situations of injury or death. Those men who do not adjust to the films are returned to their units. Those who do continue their training.

The next phase of assassin training is to dehumanize the enemy. This familiar tactic psychologically conditions the assassin to think of his victim as a less-than-human nonperson to be "snuffed out" without remorse. Once training has been completed, these potential "hit men" are placed either in combat readiness units or in U.S. embassies where they may be needed to murder should it become politically advantageous. With such an elaborate operation, there is no need for programmed zombies.

PROGRAMMED COURIERS, such as Candy Jones claims to have been, make even less sense. The way to avoid a person revealing information is not to tell that person anything. The theory that hypnotic programming seals the mind of the subject is the flaw in the Candy Jones story. If her own husband, with no professional training in hypnosis, could unlock her mind, certainly professionals hired by the "other side" could do so as well. It might be worth the risk in the eyes of the CIA to hypnotically program people to kill, or to engage in other acts that few of us would consciously agree to do, if the results were deemed important enough. But certainly the substantial risk of massive mind manipulation programs being disclosed is not worth it when the deed to be accomplished is delivering a letter. It does not make sense. The Manchurian Candidate is fiction, and the speculations based on it are fancies.

Why, then, has the concept of the Manchurian Candidate been so popular? How does one explain the credence people give to the Candy Jones story, and to the allegations that convicted or accused assassins such as Lee Harvey Oswald, Arthur Bremer, James Earl Ray, Jack Ruby, and Sirhan Sirhan were programmed?

Political assassinations are never a comfortable part of a nation's history. Much effort is spent trying to explain them away. In the Western world, where political murder is now less common than in other parts of the

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globe, the predominant explanation has been that assassins are insane, that they are "out of their minds." Often that claim has been true, though political murder need not necessarily be the product of deranged thinking. It is but a short step from the supposition that an assassin was "out of his mind" to the assertion that someone else was in it. The Manchurian Candidate is a more contemporary version of the old insanity notion.

Perhaps even more significantly, the exotic mind-control explanations conceal from people truths that they choose not to face. Those truths concern how very little it usually takes to change the way a person thinks and acts. In a famous series of experiments conducted in the 1950s, Professor Solomon Asch demonstrated that opinions can be easily manipulated by social pressure. Professor Asch assembled groups of seven to nine people in a room to look at a series of cards containing lines of various lengths. The subjects were asked to identify the lines that were equal in length. Unknown to one person in the room, all the others had been instructed to give the wrong answers on certain cards. Often the incorrect opinions of the majority swayed the lone dissenter into conformist agreement. Alone, subjects made erroneous judgments less than one time in a hundred. Under group pressure, the subjects accepted the majority's wrong judgments 36.8 percent of the time. Many subjects followed the majority view even though they knew it was wrong. Others were persuaded that they were wrong and that the majority was right. Professor Asch concluded that "the tendency to conformity in our society is so strong that reasonably intelligent and well-meaning young people are willing to call white black . . ."

*IF PROFESSOR ASCH DEMONstrated that many of us are willing to be persuaded that we see the Emperor's new clothes, Professor Stanley Milgram went further and showed that many of us would put them on. Milgram placed a subject, the "teacher," before a large box of electronic gear containing 30 switches marked in 15-volt intervals up to a maximum of 450 volts. Above the switches were descriptions of the intensity of the shock each would deliver, ranging from "slight shock" to "severe shock" and at the end "XXX" marked in red. The "teacher" was instructed to read a series of questions to another subject, the "learner," who was seated at a table and had electrodes connected to his body. Whenever the "learner" answered incorrectly he was to be given a shock. Unbeknownst to the "teacher," the electrodes were not connected and the "learner" was a confederate of Milgram. At various intervals the "learner" would cry out in pain, scream, yell that he had a heart condition and couldn't stand it anymore. Finally he fell silent, as if he had had a heart attack. Milgram wanted to test how far the "teacher" would go in pulling down the switches. If the "teacher" refused to continue, a white-coated laboratory assistant would tell the "teacher" to continue. If he or she still balked, the lab assistant would tell the "teacher," "I will assume responsibility. Continue."

Milgram's results showed that when the "learner" was not put in the same room with the "teacher," but was still visible through a glass partition, about 65 percent of the "teachers" administered shocks all the way up to 450 volts. When the "learner" was placed in the same room with the "teacher," about 40 percent of the "teachers" administered a full set of shocks. Even when the "teacher" had to place the "learner's" hand on the shock plate, 30 percent, or one out of every three people, continued to shock up to the "XXX" level. In an attempt to justify their conduct when asked why they did not stop, many "teachers" blamed the victim for his own stupidity, arguing that he deserved the shocks. Were these "teachers" Manchurian Candidates?

Professor Asch's experiment demonstrated that people, in their desire to conform, can be made to espouse publicly opinions they privately believe to be erroneous. Asch used no physical coercion, no drugs, no hypnosis, and no brainwashing. Professor Milgram further demonstrated that people can be made to act, even to the extent of apparently inflicting severe injury on others, on those opinions which they privately believe to be wrong. Professor Milgram also used no physical coercion, no drugs, no hypnosis, and no brainwashing.

Social psychologists have known for decades that inducing compliance with the orders or opinions of others is not a complicated task. In 1957, Professor Leon Festinger published the results of a series of now famous experiments which led to the formulation of his theory of cognitive dissonance. According to this theory, when people hold attitudes which are contradictory, an internal tension is produced requiring resolution. Often a person will act publicly in a manner that is at variance with his or her private views. Festinger discovered that in order to legitimate, justify, or in some way "protect" that external conduct, a person will alter his or her internal attitudes about that conduct. Festinger found that it is easy to change a person's viewpoint if you can induce the person to act in a manner that will establish a conflict in the way he or she thinks.

Professor Festinger's experiments show that people are more apt to change their attitudes to conform to their behavior than they are to repudiate their behavior as inconsistent with their attitudes. Because of the tension created by the conflict between the two, some internal resolution is necessary. Consider the case of Candy Jones. Assuming that all of the events happened the way she described, it does not follow that the explanation offered for them, mind control, is correct. Candy's on-going relationship with Dr. Gilbert Jensen, a CIA psychiatrist, extended over a 12-year period. When the facts of her case are researched, we are sure that it will be discovered that their relationship was not lacking in personal trust and confidence, the emotional dimension necessary to sustain the repeated use of hypnosis. Now that Candy has put that relationship behind her, the tension between her behavior and her private views on privacy, patriotism, morality, and etiquette requires resolution. Rather than face the alternative of accepting responsibility for her voluntary role in what she did, she has chosen the other alternative of accepting her behavior but changing her attitudes about it. She now describes her role as involuntary, the product of a sophisticated form of dominance over the mind. This explanation eases for her the tension created by the knowledge that her behavior violated her moral codes. "Mind control" furnishes a convenient rationalization. But that does not make it the reason.

Esoteric notions like brainwashing allow people to forget that they are responsible for their own actions. Personal values, as well as independence of thought and judgment, are not snatched away from people. People all too readily give them up voluntarily. The concepts of brainwashing and its logical extension, the Manchurian Candidate, are the most seductive mind manipulations of all.

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IN SEARCH OF ENEMIES: A CIA Story, by John Stockwell. W. W. Norton, 285 pp., $12.95.

The CIA's Africa caper

ROBERT L. BOROSAGE

IN SEARCH OF ENEMIES, THE most recent of a growing list of books on the CIA by former employees, is an excellent tonic for the fevered rhetoric of President Carter and his national security adviser, Zbigniew Brzezinski, who have recently been fulminating about Soviet and Cuban activities in Africa. Written by John Stockwell, chief of the CIA's Angola Task Force in 1975, the book details the Kissinger–CIA intervention in Angola. In doing so, Stockwell provides strong evidence for increasing the restrictions on presidential adventurism in Africa (and elsewhere) and dismantling the CIA's covert operations capability.

The story of the "secret" war in Angola can be summarized as follows: In 1974, while Americans, Vietnamese, and Cambodians suffered through the last wretched days of the war in Vietnam, the CIA was secretly engaged in finding a new one, this time in Africa. In Angola, the Portuguese withdrawal in the spring of 1974 left three groups competing for power. The CIA had had more than 10 years of contact with one of these—the FNLA, led by Holden Roberto and supported by President Mobutu of Zaire, a longtime CIA ally and retainer. By the fall, the CIA station in Kinshasa, Zaire, was actively aiding Roberto and the FNLA. In response, the Soviet Union announced its support for the MPLA and Agostinho Neto, and began to deliver small amounts of arms. The Chinese dispatched advisers to the FNLA and to UNITA, the third group.

What followed was a spiraling escalation of the conflict, with the United States and its allies initially setting the pace. In January 1975, the National Security Council approved a CIA request to give Roberto $300,000. In February, the FNLA, backed by Zairian troops, moved into Angola. In March the Soviet Union again responded, this time with a substantial airlift of arms. In July—a mere three months after the last ignominious flight from Saigon—the CIA received approval of a $14 million paramilitary operation. In September both Zaire and South Africa sent troops into Angola. The response this time was a massive Cuban airlift, which delivered some 15,000 Cuban troops to the fray.

At that point, the war was too big and too expensive to hide, and American "covert" involvement was partially exposed. The Senate finally voted to cut off all funding of the operation and prohibit further military or paramilitary operations in Angola, restrictions that President Carter now claims are tying his hands in Africa.

Why did we get involved in Angola? Stockwell concludes that Kissinger was searching for a place to confront the Soviets after Vietnam, and Angola was nominated. It would serve, despite the fact that it had no strategic importance to the United States, and despite intelligence estimates that the MPLA was the group best suited to run the newly independent country. Since Kissinger knew that the public and Congress would not support a new military escapade on the heels of Vietnam, the intervention was covert and the assignment went to the CIA and John Stockwell.

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After Vietnam, Kissinger had to keep the war in Angola secret from both Congress and the public.

STOCKWELL PROVIDES INteresting insight into the internal operations of the CIA, its foibles and its bureaucratic idiosyncrasies. In describing the Angola caper, he reinforces the case against the CIA's covert operations. President Carter and the supine Senate Intelligence Committee are now pushing to legalize covert action abroad; thus, serious consideration should be given to Stockwell's arguments concerning the consequences of secret commitments abroad, and of secrecy and official lying at home.

The Church committee found that secret paramilitary activities create commitments which easily grow into major conflicts and are difficult to end without public embarrassment. Stockwell shows that the secret commitments to Holden Roberto and Mobutu provided the impetus for CIA and American involvement in Angola. These longstanding covert relationships dictated whom the United States would support in Angola. When Secretary of State Kissinger briefed President Ford, the 40 Committee (the group which used to give the CIA its marching orders), and the Senate committees about Angola, he did not have to argue for a new intervention. Instead, he could paint a picture of a Soviet testing of a longstanding American commitment.

The CIA has long resisted public and congressional review by proclaiming the need for absolute secrecy about its activities. The agency is now suing Frank Snepp for violating his secrecy oath by publishing the details of the agency's dismal record in the last months of Vietnam. Stockwell's book is also under review for possible litigation against the author.

Stockwell shows that secrecy is primarily directed toward keeping the American people and Congress ignorant. The supposedly covert American operation in Angola was common knowledge in Africa from the start, largely because of the "flagrant, semi-overt activities of the CIA station" in Kinshasa. The Zaire station deliberately made its involvement obvious, in part to embolden Mobutu and Roberto, in part to commit the CIA in Washington. The major effect was to trigger the Soviet and Cuban reaction.

Overt activity abroad is a routine aspect of CIA operations. Stockwell attests that CIA agents are generally well known in the countries where they are stationed. The "separate offices, housing, social habits and the custom of inheriting the house, care and 'friends' of one's predecessor" make them easily identifiable. Thus the CIA station chief in Kinshasa occupied the same luxurious villa as his predecessors dating back to the mid-sixties. He drove a Mercedes 220 complete with African chauffeur. His predecessor used to throw parties for the diplomatic community and insist that all CIA officers attend, mocking any pretensions about cover.

CIA officials are trained to dissemble, to hide their own identities and activities. If not particularly successful abroad, the training too often has utility at home. During the Angola involvement, Kissinger and Colby repeatedly reassured congressional committees that the United States was not providing advisers or training for the forces of UNITA or the FNLA. The 40 Committee strictly prohibited the CIA from engaging in such training or advising. But in practice, the agency was deeply involved in both activities all along. The advisers were called "intelligence gatherers" for internal "cover." The result was a multileveled set of lies that Stockwell summarizes nicely:

> In the Angolan operation we were now lying to each other, even while we read and wrote cables which directly contradicted the lies. In fact there were several levels of untruth functioning simultaneously, different stories for different aspects of our activities, one for the working group, another for unwitting State Department personnel, yet another for the U.S. Congress . . . In one conversation, we might mention training we were doing inside Angola, remember a working group paper about "intelligence gatherers" and remind ourselves to have State deny to the press that the United States was in Angola . . .

Such a fascinating but horrifying web of deception makes complete control of the agency's clandestine operations impossible, presidential and congressional oratory to the contrary notwithstanding.

Since the officers who were supposed to provide Washington with the data for assessments about Angola were paramilitary specialists by training and action junkies by personal proclivity, little attention was paid to intelligence gathering. The situation was so bad that the State Department's Africa bureau sent a formal written complaint to Kissinger about the inadequate coverage.

AT THE TIME OF THE ANgola frolic, the bureaucracy was lusting for adventure; the American people and the Congress, however, were exhausted from Vietnam, and were hardly likely to support an obscure war in a country most people couldn't find on the map. Since involvement had to be covert, it had to be small. But if it was kept small, the CIA couldn't "win." So from the beginning, Stockwell complains, the CIA was saddled with a "no win" strategy, a goal only of preventing an easy MPLA victory. Clearly Kissinger either hoped he could win on the cheap, or that the war would build up slowly and he could convince the Senate to support it. The national security apparatus carried on its little war for some 10 months, until the stakes got so high that special congressional funding was needed. At that point, the press exposed the secret war and the Vietnam-weary Senate voted to end it.

Perhaps the most alarming aspect of reading *In Search of Enemies* is the realization that nothing but the names have changed. The CIA is still routinely involved in covert operations abroad. The national security apparatus is still routinely engaged in inventing and managing crises produced by commitments it originates. Carter and his aides are openly searching for a place to demonstrate their unflagging will. Cold War rhetoric continues to be the easiest way to bolster sagging political fortunes at home. Moreover, Congress is not as reticent as it was in 1975; and the press now counsels adventure.

It is, therefore, all the more important that Stockwell's conclusions be taken to heart, and the President's power to create covert commitments and engage in covert operations be abolished. Those commitments and operations threaten to embroil us in new wars whenever the public and Congress forget the lessons of the last one. ❑

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URBAN UTOPIAS OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY: Ebenezer Howard, Frank Lloyd Wright, Le Corbusier, by Robert Fishman. Basic Books, 332 pp., $13.95.

Master builders

ALAN GOWANS

PLANNED UTOPIAS, IT SEEMS, have decidedly gone out of fashion, at least for this generation. But this disillusionment has come at enormous social, not to mention financial, cost. The rise and fall of the urban utopian idea is the theme of Robert Fishman's book.

The primary inspiration for utopian urban planning, as for so much else, was the later nineteenth century's uninhibited faith in applied science as a cure for all human ills. Dirty, ugly, congested cities, it was felt, were the result of undirected growth, uncontrolled industrialization. Plan the growth, direct the industrialization, and clean, spacious, radiant cities would appear. Mixed with this faith in scientific urban planning, however, was the earlier nineteenth century's equally uninhibited faith in the creative powers of Great Individual Genius. Throughout the course of the urban planning idea, their proportions fluctuated.

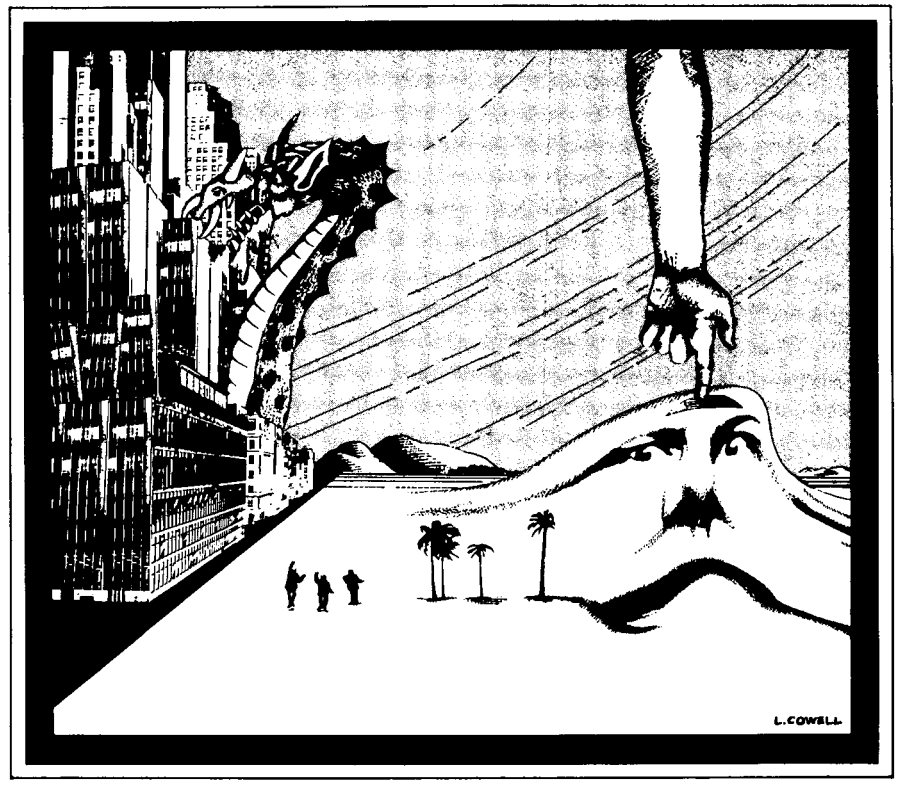
Of the three men discussed here, Ebenezer Howard, retiring and modest, relied most on the transforming powers of the environment—specifically, of his Garden Cities. Le Corbusier professed a similar belief, but with an egotistical variation—the transforming environment was first to be transformed by him, through the Modulor, the architectural principle he discovered and promoted as a panacea. Frank Lloyd Wright, by profession an ardent populist, by temperament an uncompromising elitist, most dramatically illustrates the contradictions and tensions endemic to all urban planning. But no matter how various in theory and detail, and no matter how fine the planners' intentions, in broad practice the urban planning movement was a disaster, according to Fishman.

Those responsible for making life more than a little harder for their fellow men and women included not only the three utopians Fishman describes, but many he does not—most notably the post-World War I Werkbund and Bauhaus Germans, who chattered just as endlessly as Le Corbusier about their radiant cities and their mystically communal, crystal-and-concrete Cathedrals of Times to Come. Together, these planners managed to make deserts out of whole blocks and districts in all the world's great cities—expanses where humane values were overwhelmed by life-denying, mechanical, arid exercises in Scientific Expression, where showplaces for Artistic Genius were created at the expense of a home for man.

*ALL OF THE URBAN UTO*pians began by reacting violently against what they saw about them. They never considered that not all inhabitants of the nineteenth century's big new cities lived in sad squalor, that many had found new careers, dignity, and hope there. Thus, those who resisted utopian planning did so not out of benightedness, but in sturdy defense of their right not to have their lives disrupted and their neighborhoods wrecked in pursuit of somebody's vague visions of the future.

Indeed, as Fishman describes Howard, Wright, and Le Corbusier, they seemed curiously indifferent to facts in general—and particularly to the fact that big cities had come into existence in response to certain social needs and functions that would not simply go away at the wave of some planner's magic wand. For them, visions were facts, facts visions. They confused reality and expectation continually, hopelessly. Small wonder none of them ever managed to convert his schemes into mass movements. Small wonder all of them turned in the end to compulsion, looking for some means, disguised or open, to impose their ideas on recalcitrant politicians and ungrateful citizens—Le Corbusier to the Vichy regime, Howard to the Labour Party, Wright to the virtual robots that apprentices became under his tyrannical training.

Or so says Robert Fishman. And the very fact that he says these things so confidently, so matter-of-factly, is perhaps what is most remarkable about his book. *Urban Utopias in the Twentieth Century* is a rewritten Harvard Ph.D. thesis, a genre that in the nature of things means nothing daring or revolutionary, merely the distillation of ac-



LUCINDA COWELL

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cepted wisdom. And what is accepted wisdom in the late 1970s? Fishman ends his book: " 'Tomorrow,' observed Samuel Johnson, 'is an old deceiver, and his cheat never grows stale.' Howard, Wright, and Le Corbusier believed that the twentieth century would be a period of social reconstruction crowned by the creation of magnificent new cities. They were wrong."

Samuel Johnson quoted approvingly? Charismatic Pied Pipers who only yesterday led enchanted kiddies forth to Delectable Mountains—all, all quite put down in the most natural, offhand way? What a transformation of the intellectual climate this represents!

Only yesterday, it seems, anything in the nature of an attack on fundamental principles of utopian planning (as distinct from constructive criticisms of this or that detail) put the offender beyond the pale of respectable academic society, doomed to publish in obscurity. Thus, almost everything Fishman says has been said before, 10 or 20 or 30 years ago, but in places where he could be excused for not finding them: for instance, in Gören Lindahl's 60-page essay of the late 1950s, "Von Zukunftskathedrale bis zur Wohnmaschine," in a series from Uppsala University; in a collection of essays, *On Art and Architecture in the Modern World,* published by the American Life Foundation; and in Donald D. Egbert's *Social Radicalism and the Arts in Western Europe,* published by Knopf in 1970, but quickly remaindered.

But just in the last half-dozen years, it seems, antiutopianism, or at least a healthy distrust of utopian planning, has become an open movement, with the likes of Lewis Mumford, Peter Blake, Wolf von Eckhart, and Stanislaus von Moos among its prominent adherents. So abrupt a shift of mind is it, that there are signs a facile optimism is about to be replaced by a pessimism comparably unwarranted.

THE SOLUTION—FOR THOSE not dazzled by the luminous genius of planners or teams of planners—is there. One begins with where people *are,* rather than where some authority thinks they ought to be. Instead of providing Great Architecture in a Great Plan, one works toward an architectural environment of shapes that are familiar, proportions that are "right," space that is livable, forms that have broadly intelligible symbolic associations for the people who must live in and with them. Such an urban environment alone can provide roots, the sense of being part of an enduring community. And only when they have that sense of belonging will people want to intelligently use, instead of exploiting and barbarizing, their cities.

That kind of humane environment is not to be had from Great Form-Givers. What Great Form-Givers give is *their* ideas of aesthetically pleasing forms (Howard and Unwin's medievalized villages), *their* behavioral space (as Wright scaled all his architectural world to his own stature), and *their* symbolism (the story is told of Le Corbusier's angry reaction to Indian workers at Chandigarh perpetuating their age-old custom of imprinting a wall with their hands; he ordered the wall torn down and reset with his image, the Modulor). In contrast, the forms of a humane environment are *found.* How? Just by looking around, at what forms have already been generated by a community of people living, solving problems, creating a culture.

Through all the years of utopian dreaming and planning, ordinary people have gone ahead putting up ordinary buildings to serve their everyday needs, in what can best be called a popular-commercial style. To the planners, these have been vestiges of a discredited past, soon to vanish. They would be replaced by concrete creations with strip windows and steel *pilotis*—like the house Gropius built for Breuer at Lincoln and the house Breuer built for Gropius at Concord (or was it the other way around?). Fifty years later, academic art historians continue to believe and teach this, and are still waiting for it to happen. Meanwhile, speculative builders, like bumblebees zipping about happily unaware of violating the laws of aerodynamics, go on producing split-level ranch houses, colonial shopping centers, chuck wagon diners, mock Tudor condominiums, log cabin taverns. And, what's more, selling them in the face of all respectable opinion. Why? Because people want roots, and this kind of building, however crudely and crassly, provides them with roots—or at least an acceptable semblance and substitute, until such time as sensitivity, style, content, and form are reunited in the art of architecture. Now that the urban utopian fog seems to be lifting, perhaps architectural thinkers can get on with the urgent business of helping people create a humane environment, not through Form-Givers, but through form finders; not tomorrow, but today. ❏

THE WICKED STAGE: A History of Theater Censorship and Harassment in the United States, by Abe Laufe. Frederick Ungar, 190 pp., $11.00.

Three centuries of banality

NOEL PERRIN

*IT TAKES A DEGREE OF TAL*ent to write a book as bad as this. Anyone can write a book with no insight, no structure, no development, no style—and thousands do, annually. Some of them even get published. But to waste as much good material as Abe Laufe has wasted here can't have been easy.

The book pretends to be a history of censorship and "harassment" in the American theater. It is a subject ripe for treatment. While there has never been a national censorship of the drama here, as there was in England until just the other day, and as of course there is in many countries right now, there have been literally hundreds of local censors. At one time almost every American city had a mayor or a police commissioner or a district attorney busy passing judgment on what could be shown or said on the stage. There has been at least as much harassment. New York, for example, had a law on the books from 1927 to 1967 which sounds like something out of the Middle Ages. It specified that when a play was convicted of immorality, the unlucky theater in which it had been produced could, as punishment, be closed by the city for a full year. Such a law is going to produce a rather cautious breed of theater owners. The history of the American theater is full of such episodes, and many of them appear in Laufe's book. They just aren't dealt with adequately.

History in the sense of movement in

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time the book certainly is. It opens with the arrest of three young Virginians for putting on a play in 1665 and plods on up to some of the troubles *Equus* had in Texas in 1976. En route, the reader (if he chooses to plod on) learns a number of quaint historical facts, such as that in October 1778, Congress passed a resolution that any officer of the United States who acted in or even attended plays was to be dismissed from his office. (That was the Continental Congress, presumably, though Laufe doesn't say so.) In the second, and less bad, half of the book, the reader gets a fairly lively account of what progressively has been allowed on American stages over the past 50 years. The history of miming what Laufe calls "the sex act" is documented, for example. There ought to be at least *some* interest here. There isn't.

Laufe's central problem—well, one of them—is that he hasn't the faintest idea what censorship is. He has it hopelessly confused with mores, with taboos, even with fire laws. If the Pulitzer Prize is not given to a "controversial" play, Laufe thinks the play was censored. If a Boston audience in 1966 walks out on Genet's *The Balcony,* that's censorship, too. When an off-Broadway theater is closed by the fire commissioner (who is counting exits, not sex acts), that's at least harassment, even if the play's move into a new and safer theater gets the commissioner's blessing.

Laufe not only doesn't know what censorship is, he doesn't know whether he's for it or against it. On the whole, he tends to be against it when it is quaintly in the past, or when it's thoroughly provincial, such as a disputed Albee production in a high-school auditorium in Rockport, Massachusetts. He tends to dither and wriggle when it's big-city productions of the last 20 years. (The final chapter is called "Can New York Solve the Problem?" The problem is not censorship or harassment, but "obstacles in cleaning up the theater district.")

Worst of all, Laufe simply doesn't see the significance of most of the events he narrates. No, I retract that. Worst of all, he simply can't write. Here is a typical sentence from his account of a 1972 musical: "A number of women objected to *Grease* because the earthiness and vulgarities were spoken by girls as well as by boys." The *earthiness* was spoken by girls? The copy editor was asleep?

This book should not be called *The Wicked Stage.* It should be called "A List of Theatrical Controversies in the United States, Together With Plot Summaries of the Plays Involved, Number of Performances Given, And Some Discussion of Whether the Actresses Were or Were Not Wearing Flesh-Colored Tights."

The conclusion I draw from reading it has nothing to do with the theater, but with publishing. And it is a very cheering one. We have been hearing for 20 years that it's harder and harder to get a book published, that publishers don't take risks any more, that books (except the lucky few taken by clubs, or those written by politicians) are a fading form. Here is living proof that it's not so. Take heart, young writer. If Abe Laufe can get published (and this is his third book!), there's every kind of chance for you. ❏

Far side of the pantheon

THOMAS RUSSELL III

THE MOST INFLUENTIAL American critic the young art of the cinema has yet produced was the early Andrew Sarris. As a book that almost single-handedly changed the way we look at movies, Sarris's *The American Cinema* (1968) is the *Sacred Wood* of film criticism, and the extent to which Sarris falls short of Eliot is a measure of the limitations of film criticism itself at this point in its history. But what other art has elicited such a rich apologia so early?

Sadly—and for his admirers a good deal more than that—Sarris's recent work, as a critic for *The Village Voice,* has not matched his early inspiration. Although he can occasionally rouse himself to the event, as in his reviews of Bresson's *Au Hasard, Balthazar* and Hitchcock's *Topaz,* far too much of latter-day Sarris has been enervated and flabby, seemingly written more to satisfy deadlines than in response to the pressures of real thought and feeling. Many critics, in fact, do their best work when young; later, they tend either to retire (Max Beerbohm, Richard Gilman), make the jump to practicing the art itself (G. B. Shaw, the *nouvelle vague* critic-directors), or rush out to save the world or die in Spain. Whether Sarris's problems stem from failing to make such a break, or from more private demons, I do not know. But disappointingly few of his recent pieces have inspired clipping and collecting, or make one long to see them widely anthologized. It is to the early Sarris we must turn for real illumination.

Sarris is probably best known as the American apostle of "the *auteur* theory," which is a loose translation of François Truffaut's *la politique des auteurs,* the guiding policy of the influential French journal, *Les Cahiers du Cinéma.* Basically, the theory suggested that the director was the person most responsible for the success or failure of his film, and that a history of directors would be a roughly adequate history of the cinema. *The American Cinema* (Sarris's first major book, originally published as a 1963 issue of Jonas Mekas's magazine *Film Culture*) was in essence little more than an annotated ranking of American sound-film directors, grouping them (with brief essays on each) into such fanciful categories as "Pantheon" and "Expressive Esoterica," all the way down to "Less Than Meets the Eye." The first and third of these—Sarris's implicit first and last places—were the most controversial. Elevated were such directors as Ford, Hawks, Lubitsch, Griffith, and Welles; consigned to the outfield were such critical favorites as Huston, Kazan, Wyler, and David Lean, directors responsible for what little critical respectability was then accorded American films, in those days when Art was supposed to be in black-and-white-and-Swedish. Sarris's elevation of popcorn over expresso-in-the-lobby amounted to a radical revaluation of the canon.

But it wasn't the theory that changed minds so much as Sarris's incisive analysis of the work of his favorite directors, both in *The American Cinema* and in the first collection of his weekly criticism, *Confessions of a Cultist* (1970). Sarris has always seemed especially strong in three areas, in what might be called context, contrast, and precision (the three are of course related).

Sarris's best perceptions always had an exquisite precision, teasing a point until it became as sharp as cut glass. Thus, for instance, his comment about the opening of *Marnie,* Hitchcock's film

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His implied elevation of popcorn over expresso-in-the-lobby amounted to a radical revaluation of the canon of cinema.

about a compulsive thief:

> The first shot of Marnie focuses on an enormous yellow handbag, receding to a rear view of a leggy brunette on a railway platform. Hitchcock's syntax is not "brunette with yellow handbag walks on platform" but "yellow handbag with brunette walking on platform." We know what before we know who. We are cued to money before Marnie.

That kind of contrast is frequent in Sarris's prose, and it is essential to his particular kind of precision. Contrasts in Sarris (often between two apparently similar things) range from the simple to the metaphysical. The former are often expressed in his constant punning—the frequent polarity of "cosmic" and "cosmetic," Graham Greene's "casual" Catholicism posed against John Ford's "casual" brand. Occasionally, this definition by opposition can get a bit manic, as when Sarris tells us that:

> The difference between Keaton and Chaplin is the difference between poise and poetry, between the aristocrat and the tramp, between adaptability and dislocation, between the function of things and the meaning of things, between eccentricity and mysticism, between man as machine and man as angel, between the girl as a convention and the girl as an ideal, between the centripetal and the centrifugal tendencies of slapstick. . .

But most often his distinctions are genuinely provocative, as in his discussion of Truffaut's romantic *Jules and Jim:*

> In fact, romanticism is not concerned primarily with love but with a theory of character that excludes accident. *Last Year at Marienbad,* for example, is an antiromantic film because, in its materialistic universe, man is imprisoned by the accidents of time and space. It makes no difference who or what you are or where you have been. There is no causality in *Marienbad,* no pattern of character. By contrast everything that happens in *Jules and Jim* is psychologically inevitable. At the end you understand the beginning, and even if external events had been rearranged in time and space, the outcome would have been the same.

The point, of course, is that you don't have to accept Sarris's definition of either "romantic" or "materialist" to see the usefulness of his distinction between two *kinds* of art, whatever we may choose to call them.

SIMILAR CONTRASTS ABOUND, all of them with an eye toward precision. I think, for example, of his discussion, in *The American Cinema,* of the war between the sexes in Bergman, Antonioni, and Max Ophuls, part of an especially lyrical tribute to the greater subtlety and maturity of Ophuls. Or of his analysis of the difference between John Huston and that *auteur* favorite, Nicholas Ray. Sarris's remark that Huston tends to cut between static compositions, while Ray cuts on movement—Sarris calls it the difference between sculpture and dance—does much to explain why Ray is so much the more exciting director, as well as the more cinematic.

And in fact it is precisely Sarris's search for (and love of) the "cinematic" that seems to be at the heart of his sensibility and of his criticism. It is this that explains his preference for a director like John Ford, to whom the medium comes naturally, and whose entire being, one feels, is expressed there, over a man like Bergman, who has directed some 30 films "without," as Sarris says, "even beginning to suggest an instinctive affinity with the medium." It explains, too, Sarris's championing of Jean-Luc Godard, for some critics an arid and intellectual director, but redeemed for Sarris by the overwhelming sensuousness of his images and the depth of communicated feeling, of what Henry James called "felt life." And Sarris's disappointment with the later Godard was that the director turned to "saying what he meant, instead of showing what he felt."

Sarris's feel for the "cinematic" is also responsible, I would suggest, for his extraordinary sense of *context,* which works in many ways, but most frequently to enlarge our awareness of the multiplicity, the vastness, of a director's career. He reminds us that von Sternberg made films before and after his "Dietrich period," that even if "all the dollies and cranes in the world snap to attention" when Max Ophuls's name is mentioned, he is nevertheless much more than the sum of his fabled camera movements. And it is Sarris's sense of perspective too that inspires comments such as the one on Jean Renoir, that "the conventional American line on Renoir is that everything he made before *Grand Illusion* in 1937 is primitive, and everything he made after it is decadent." Or that lets him say of *To Be or Not To Be,* Ernst Lubitsch's comedy about Hitler, that "for Lubitsch, it was sufficient to say that Hitler had bad manners, and no evil was then inconceivable." And I think it is this larger perspective that is also responsible for many of Sarris's bons mots, dazzling not so much for their wit as for their extraordinarily economical summing up of the essential, as in his reference to Huston's directing *Fat City* "with the shrug he has long since polished into a style," or his statement that "Federico Fellini is the Busby Berkeley of metaphysics." (The precision is in the writing too; how much weaker would that sentence have been had Sarris merely omitted the Italian director's first name. It's the double alliteration that makes it work.)

That kind of clarity and sense of context is balanced, unfortunately often, by Sarris's frequent recourse to the Delphic, like his comment that in a Don Siegel film, "New York is a city where the future is always colliding with the past, and the moral arithmetic never quite adds up," or, of *Marnie*, that "Hitchcockian suspense alternates between crime in future conditional and guilt in past imperfect." I find that last statement extremely evocative, but of exactly what, I couldn't really say. And sometimes the gnomic is redeemed by an intense lyricism that conjures up the subject with so much feeling we don't ask him to explain, like his reference to Ford's most frequent camera angle as "below the horizon-line of history," or this description of Sarris's beloved Max Ophuls:

> There is no escape from the trap of time. Not even the deepest and sincerest love can deter the now from its rendezvous with the then, and no amount of self-sacrifice can prevent desire from becoming embalmed in memory. "Quelle heure est-il?" ask the characters in *La Ronde,* but it is always too late, and the moment has always passed.

As author of moments like these, as creator of the most impressive synthesis of American film yet written, as a man who single-handedly changed the way we look at movies, and even the canon of films we choose to see, Andrew Sarris early in his career earned his own place in the pantheon of film criticism. ❏

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CAT AND MOUSE, directed by Claude Lelouch.

DEAR DETECTIVE, directed by Philippe De Broca.

WE WILL ALL MEET IN PARADISE, directed by Yves Robert.

Cinema à la mode

STEPHEN HARVEY

FOR THE FIRST TIME IN quite a while, American moviegoers have recently been treated to a varied spate of French imports, all aimed at cultivating the taste for Gallic gaiety which *Cousin Cousine* discovered almost by accident two summers ago. If nothing else, such frothy *divertissements* as *Cat and Mouse, Dear Detective,* and *We Will All Meet In Paradise* should serve to disabuse everyone of the notion that the French cinema consists solely of an annual Truffaut charmer, the occasional elegant Chabrol thriller, and the sporadic, austere *chef d'oeuvre* from Robert Bresson.

The fact is, of course, that there, as here, most of the yearly output is devoted to undemanding time-killers made with an eye cocked in the direction of current popular tastes. Even now, what we're seeing is only a fraction of the potboilers that crowd the screens of provincial Odéons and Gaumonts week after week. The great majority are left to unspool at home, on the accurate assumption that we have enough of the native variety ourselves.

Nevertheless, based on what has arrived here lately, a few conclusions can be drawn concerning the ways French filmmakers differ from their opposite numbers in Hollywood when it comes to giving the local public what it presumably wants. Here much of the usual commercial fodder can be divided into two categories: the apocalyptically grandiose (everything from *The Towering Inferno* through *Star Wars* and *Omens I* and *II*); and the raucously juvenile (*Saturday Night Fever* and practically every other movie this past spring).

On the other side of the Atlantic, however, the main impulse seems to be to overwhelm moviegoers with charm by lathering everyone on-screen in a creme rinse of geniality. At their best, these movies operate on the admirable assumption that the ticket buyers are actually grown up enough to sit still and watch other adults conduct themselves in a reasonable facsimile of human behavior, without having to be goosed with special effects or cacophonous soundtracks. At their worst, the moviemakers responsible for them are so entranced by their creations that they have made them all smiles and no spine.

CLAUDE LELOUCH, PHILIPPE De Broca, and Yves Robert all share this infatuation with geniality to varying degrees, but they also have considerably more in common than that. All these prolific directors are more or less the contemporaries of the New Wave graduates of the early sixties; yet they've never displayed the intensity of vision one associates with Rohmer or Chabrol, much less the audacity and rigor of the likes of Godard and Resnais. If they resemble anyone, it's Truffaut at his most slapdash and softhearted. Each of their current efforts focuses on the comfortably middle-aged and upper-middle class, whose *luxe* trappings are observed almost entirely without irony. The existence of a younger generation or of any political problems is hinted at only peripherally; at most they're regarded as a minor nuisance, and in the end simply irrelevant to the subject at hand.

Using these basic ground rules, Lelouch's *Cat and Mouse* is unquestionably the most successful. As with such Truffaut films as *Mississippi Mermaid* and *The Bride Wore Black*, it might be defined as a kind of homage to Hitchcock. Reduced to its essentials—no mean feat considering the intentionally bewildering detours it takes—the plot deals with the purported homicide of a philandering industrialist (Jean-Pierre Aumont) and the simultaneous theft of his Impressionist art collection. The authorities assign their ace inspector (Serge Reggiani) to the case; immediately, the disconsolate widow (Michele Morgan) appears the prime suspect. The investigation proves politically indelicate, and Reggiani is forced into premature retirement; undaunted, he continues the search on his own, prompted by professional curiosity and his attraction to Morgan, although his belief in her guilt remains unshaken to (almost) the end.

Everything is resolved rather neatly at the finish, yet I'll wager that many people are still likely to stumble out shaking their heads with bemusement, distracted by all of Lelouch's fancy filigree work along the way. Red herrings, flashbacks both "real" and conjectured, and satirical snippets of heist flicks within the film casually segue into a bewildering network of subplots, both amorous and humorous. This welter of narrative is presented via Lelouch's usual array of visual pyrotechnics—here he's particularly fond of subjective camera shots, climaxing in a freewheeling car and motorcycle race from the Arc de Triomphe to Morgan's opulent suburban villa.

Miraculously, Lelouch's control never falters; as with all skillful whodunits, *Cat and Mouse* is so divertingly intricate that one neither notices nor cares how essentially trivial it is until after the final fadeout.

Best of all, at the center of the hubbub Lelouch sketches the developing rapport between Reggiani and Morgan with a firm yet leisurely hand, which grants the film just the focus it needs. In movies from *A Man and A Woman* through *Another Man, Another Chance*, he has proclaimed the truism that fate conspires to unite the unlikeliest of couples, and embellished it with sentiments best left to the House of Hallmark. Here the romance is unforced and rather matter-of-fact, and the restraint he's finally mustered makes the crucial difference. He's aided immeasurably by the low-keyed skill of his costars—Reggiani's rumpled wryness beautifully complements the introverted warmth Morgan has exuded so effortlessly ever since she debuted in *Port of Shadows* 40 years ago.

But whether intended as a tribute or not, *Cat and Mouse* isn't really on a par

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with middle-level Hitchcock—Lelouch has only a hint of the Master's psychological density or visual majesty. Yet this movie is undeniably an awfully pleasant way to squander a couple of idle hours.

DE BROCA'S DEAR DETECtive likewise mingles murder with autumnal romance, capitalizing on the offbeat teaming of two appealing French stars—in this case Philippe Noiret and Annie Girardot. The gimmick (one for which De Broca spends rather too much screen time in congratulating himself), is that Girardot is not only the sleuth in question, but a latter-day Poirot, all evidence that she may well be the dizziest gal in town notwithstanding. Long lost comrades from their Sorbonne days, she and Noiret "meet cute" in old-time screwball fashion when her car topples his moped at an intersection. Soon she's sniffing around for clues to the murders of some aging swains of a Parisian Elizabeth Ray type; dismayed though he is by her unsavory and unladylike métier, Noiret eventually joins her to close in on the culprit.

The film is so divertingly intricate, you neither notice nor care about its triviality.

So far, fine—Noiret's basset-like muzzle and Girardot's peppy persistence are engaging enough for a couple of reels, but De Broca has placed inordinate faith in their ability to prop up an otherwise vacuous movie. The mystery isn't particularly intriguing in itself; moreover, De Broca makes the mistake of revealing the true malefactor to the audience before Girardot finally puzzles it all out, which only serves to make her seem dense without in any way adding to the tension of the denouement.

Anyone who's seen such earlier De Broca movies as *That Man From Rio* and *King of Hearts* knows his penchant for camouflaging tenuous storylines with the whimsical antics of his characters, but the little quirks assigned to Noiret and Girardot—principally his gluttony and her air of whirlwind distraction—are less fetching with each repetition. De Broca tries to enliven things occasionally with some rather low gags involving prototypically vacant blondes and sibilant hairdressers, but the effect is only dispiriting. Ultimately there's something a little bit cold-blooded about all this larky archness. At the finale, when Girardot ever so cutely slams into Noiret's car—in order, she thinks, to save him from the murderer—from the little we can tell, the other passenger in the car is obliterated in the process. The clever symmetry he's drawn between the movie's opening and finish is all that De Broca seems to care about, and it's neat all right, but also pretty mechanical.

WE WILL ALL MEET IN Paradise exhibits a few more vital signs, but is likewise based on the assumption that the presence of some likable people is a sufficient excuse for a movie. Robert's film is a follow-up to the popular *Pardon Mon Affaire*, and as with most sequels, the most compelling reason for making this film was merely the success of the original. Like its predecessor, this entry focuses on the slapstick-tragedy antics of a rigid but randy bourgeois (Jean Rochefort) and his three midlife-crisis-ridden cronies—a boorishly boyish womanizer (Victor Lanoux), a doctor, afflicted with hypochondria, who is an Oedipal wreck to boot (Guy Bedos), and a lackadaisical homosexual (Claude Brasseur).

Last time around, Robert focused on Rochefort's thwarted obsession with a luscious young model; this time the tables are turned as his wife's presumed affair with a mysterious silver-haired man becomes his new fixation. The sight of our trench-coated hero stalking his phantom rival like Inspector Clouseau at his most maladroit is good for an occasional guffaw, but both he and the director—not to mention the audience—lose the scent for reels at a time, for the simple reason that it's all just a desperate and arbitrary plot device to give the whole business a semblance of structure. Robert seems far more interested in the comic travails of his other protagonists, and he derives some random wackiness from such fiascos as their purchase of a bargain country house that turns out to be next to a runway for departing Concordes. Parenthetically, it's also nice to see a movie that so deftly captures conventional discomfiture in the face of homosexuality while treating it so casually itself. Unfortunately, these zanies' idiosyncrasies are already so familiar from *Pardon Mon Affaire* that the sequel seems merely redundant. The chefs responsible for concocting *We Will All Meet in Paradise* practically knock themselves out in the process, but, as with *Dear Detective*, the result is a pretty flat soufflé. ❧

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LETTERS

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Preserving pluralism

SEEING HISTORY THROUGH the eyes of a single historian is like taking the word of one of the blind men describing the elephant. Only through dialogue among historians can anything approaching a wholistic view be obtained. For this reason, it is not helpful when a book reviewer shares the same biases as the historian he reviews. This clearly is what happened in the case of Ronald Radosh's review of the McAuliffe book about American liberals, 1947–1954 [*INQUIRY*, Apr. 3, 1978].

From 1937 to 1954 I was immersed in the American liberal movement. I was in on a good bit of the action, under the Minnesota Farmer–Labor Party, the Roosevelt New Deal, and in the CIO, the ADA, and President Truman's Point Four program of assistance to Third World countries. In retrospect, I'm not proud of the role we liberals played in those years. But I feel that McAuliffe and Radosh chastise us for the wrong reasons. Our mistake was not that we turned against the Communist Party. We had good reasons of our own for doing that, since we learned in our own face-to-face dealings with American Communists that they were insufferable puppets, completely subservient to the paranoid whims of Joe Stalin.

Many of us got disillusioned with them at the time of the 1937 Moscow kangaroo court trials. Others had their eyes opened by the overnight switches of the party line at the time of the Hitler-Stalin pact and again when Hitler invaded Russia. Then when the American CP became Henry Wallace's chief supporter against Truman in 1948, we'd really had it. Not that we had anything against Wallace; it was simply that we considered it a crime to split the Democratic vote and so enhance the chances of Wall Street stooge Thomas E. Dewey to become President.

As I experienced it and now see it, in retrospect the mistake we liberals made was not that we turned against Stalin's goose-stepping CP, but that we succumbed to the temptations of bureaucratic empire building. The prime movers in Americans for Democratic Action were people with vested interests in getting high-salaried bureaucratic jobs for themselves and their friends. I dropped out of ADA when I found its leaders had not the slightest interest in decentralist democratic action. Ever since I've felt that if ADA were really honest, it would call itself Americans for Bureaucratic Action.

When liberals like Humphrey supported the Cold War, it was because they preferred a pluralistic society to a monolithic one. Many of us had a plague-on-both-houses attitude toward Stalinist communism and greedy capitalism; but we felt that going from pluralistic to monolithic was like jumping out of the frying pan into the fire. We weren't in the Cold War to save the Rockefellers' capitalism. We were in it to preserve pluralism. This is still the primal issue, as I see it.

ELLERY FOSTER
Winona, Minn.

The jeers of the crowd

NAT HENTOFF'S DEFENSE OF free speech [*INQUIRY*, May 15, 1978] is a trifle too all-encompassing when he allows "the almost ceaseless obbligato of jeers that accompanies Professor Milton Friedman in his public appearances" to continue without "advocating that the state silence those who are trying mightily to prevent his exercising those rights." If these overbearing jeers took place in hospital silent zones, during philharmonic concerts, or during movie or theatrical productions, action taken to silence the disturbance would generally be appropriate. (Even bars and taverns often take action against those who are overbearingly rowdy.) The same principle applies to speeches and debates: the audience is there to hear the principals, not the peanut gallery. They have paid to hear a certain program, and they, too, have certain rights.

CHARLES A. HALL
Fairmont, Ind.

Milton Friedman in Chile

PLEASE CLARIFY THE FOLLOWing discrepancy between what Nat Hentoff says [*INQUIRY*, May 15, 1978] and Milton Friedman's remarks [*Reason*, August 1977]:

Hentoff: "The economist did indeed advise the terrorist government of Chile in 1975 . . ."

Friedman: "I emphasize that I was not then and I never have been an official advisor in any way to the government [of Chile]. Every statement I made was made in public and has since been published . . ."

TIBOR R. MACHAN
Fredonia, N. Y.

NAT HENTOFF replies: I do not know what Friedman means by "official advisor." My information, from inside Chile, is that Friedman talked to government officials, and I suspect it was not about the place of John Coltrane in contemporary music.

The point of my column was that it did not matter—in terms of the spirit of the First Amendment—whether Friedman was an "official advisor" or not. Whatever he does, *he retains the same right to be* heard *that Mr. Machan and I have.*

Coercive labor laws

I AGREED WITH YOUR EDITOrial, "Carter prolongs the strife" [*INQUIRY*, Apr. 3, 1978] in that we cannot have free collective bargaining with the government interfering with labor disputes, as they did during the recent coal miners' strike. However, it must be emphasized that the coercive labor laws must also be abolished before we have "genuine free bargaining."

When the labor union is made the *exclusive* bargaining agent under Section 9(a) of the National Labor Relations Act, the employer and individual workers (or any party except the official labor union) are prevented from entering into a voluntary labor agreement. In an atmosphere of free bargaining, all parties should be free to bargain or not bargain with whomever they please.

BOB MURPHY
Pittsburgh, Pa.

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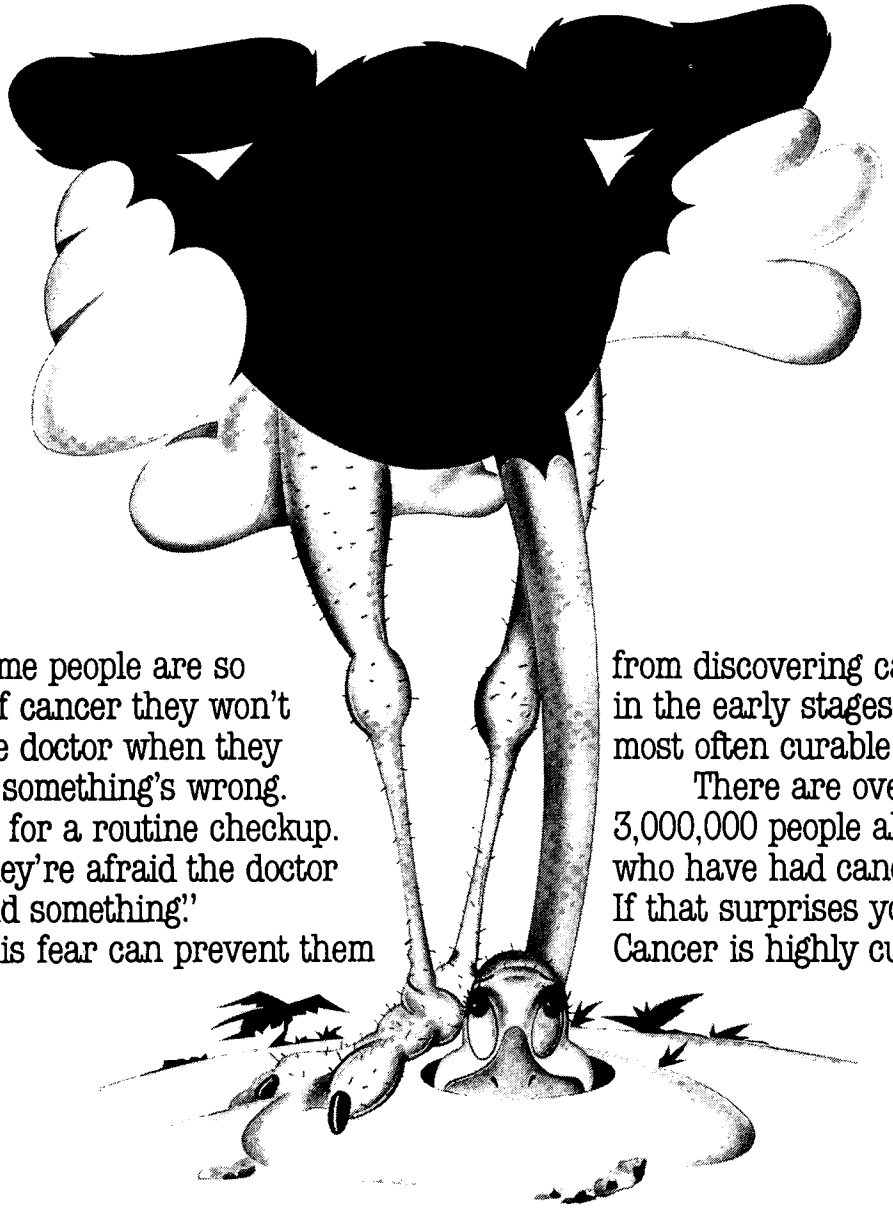
Cancer is often curable. The fear of cancer is often fatal.



Some people are so afraid of cancer they won't go to the doctor when they suspect something's wrong. Or even for a routine checkup.

They're afraid the doctor will "find something."

This fear can prevent them from discovering cancer in the early stages when it is most often curable.

There are over 3,000,000 people alive today who have had cancer. If that surprises you, it shouldn't. Cancer is highly curable.

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